THE BYSTANDER
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AUGUST 26, 1931
[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

CLEMENCE DANE on THE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

The BYSTANDER

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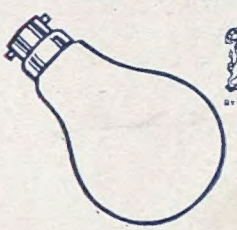

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The Bystander, August 26, 1931

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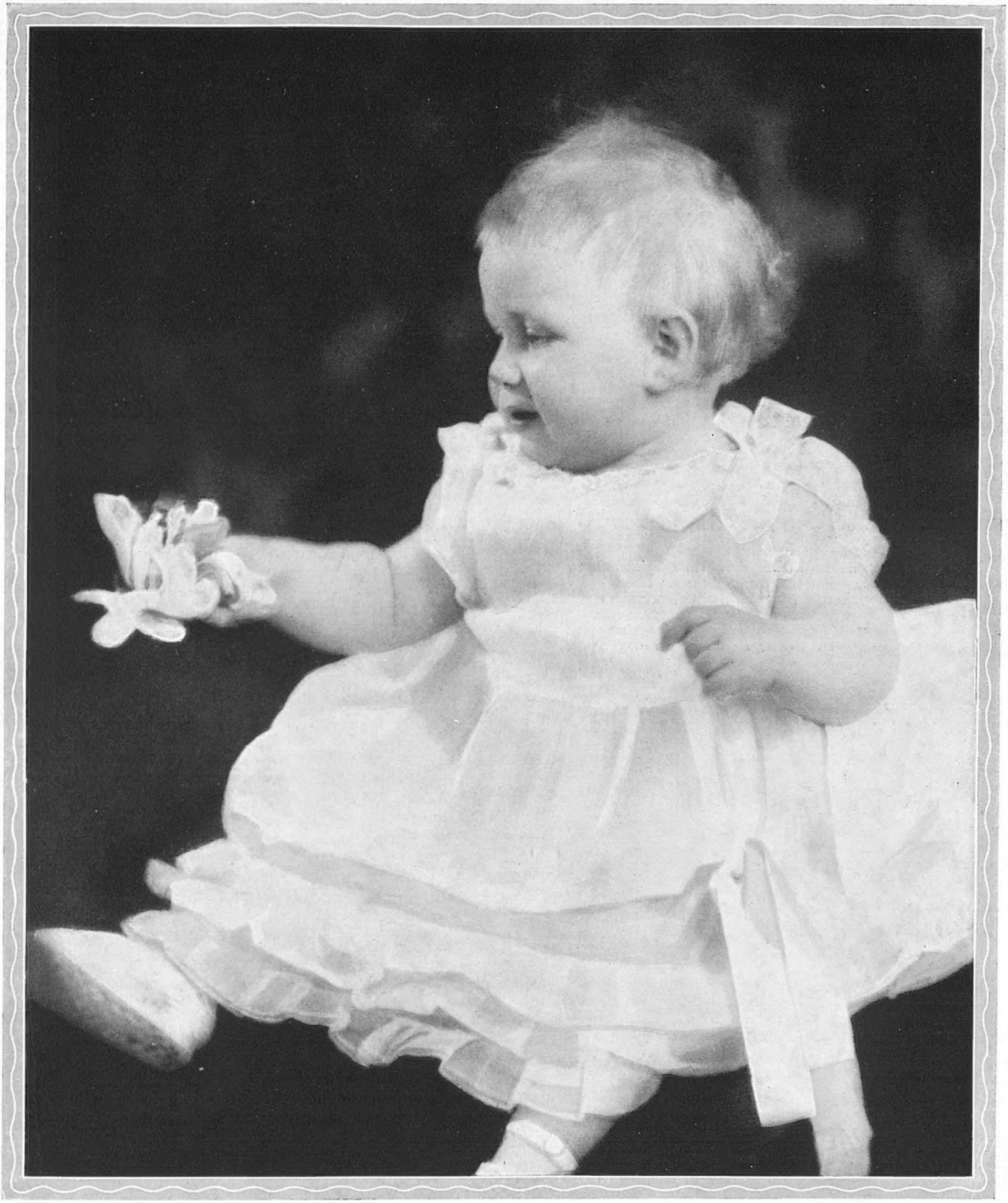


Marcus Adams

MANY HAPPY RETURNS

A delightful new portrait of Princess Margaret Rose, the little daughter of the Duke and Duchess of York. She has now reached the dignity of having her age alluded to in years rather than mere months, having celebrated the first anniversary of her birth last Friday, August 21

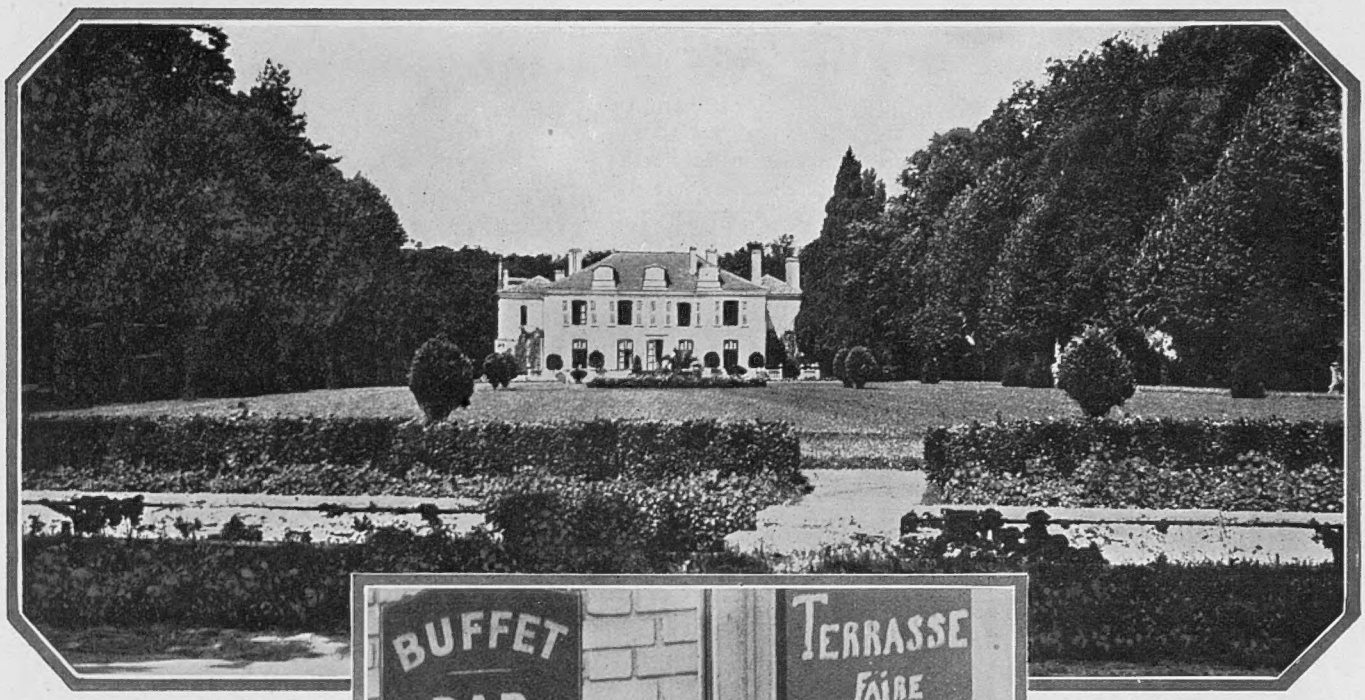
FESTIVITIES NORTH OF THE BORDER

Pipers and tenants dancing on the lawns in front of Dunecht House, Aberdeenshire, during the coming-of-age celebrations of the Hon. Weetman John Churchill Pearson, the only living son of Viscount and Viscountess Cowdray. Inset are seen the Hon. John Pearson and the Duke of Athol during the celebrations at Dunecht, the Scottish residence of the Dowager Viscountess Cowdray

Mr. J. Maxtone Graham (left), the Chieftain of the Crieff Highland Gathering, presenting the Championship Medal for heavy events to Mr. E. Anderson, of Dundee. In the centre is Capt. Reid, the secretary of the Highland Games

The Dowager Countess of Airlie showing Sir Harry Lauder round the Airlie estate at Kirriemuir, Angus, during the famous comedian's visit. Kirriemuir is the birthplace of Sir James Barrie

the passing hour



The Prince of Wales at the aerodrome at Le Bourget at the start of his Continental holiday, which he postponed owing to the financial crisis. The upper photograph shows the Chateau de Matignon, on the Basque coast, where he is staying. Originally presented by Louis XIV to the Marshal de Matignon, the gardens were designed by M. L. Notre, the Royal gardener, who also designed the famous Park of Versailles

LONDON, with its economy crisis, remained the centre of interest last week, but the Labour Government, with a total disregard for dramatic effect, delayed the spectacular dénouement, thanks to interference from their own followers. The Consultative Committee of the Parliamentary Labour Party tamely agreed with the suggested cuts, but the much-more-powerful General Council of the Trades Union Congress were up in arms at a programme of economy in social services, which was really not to be thought of, even in these hard times!

S

LAST week I said that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald would not be able to command the support of his own followers, and it really looks as if there would be a party split. We have heard much of "patriotism" and "country first" lately, but I doubt if it would be either patriotic or for the good of the country were the Conservative Party to bolster up a spendthrift Socialistic Government which includes a Chancellor of the Exchequer who is still as obstinate as a mule on the necessity for a general tariff. It seems fated that negotiations over a round table—as in the case of India—never seem to yield a square deal for Great Britain.

THE Marquess and Marchioness of Huntly are still at Aix-les-Bains, though they did not take part in the latest sport of balloon-chasing by motor car. Mr. Phillips Oppenheim, back from his Mediterranean cruise, Sir Banister and Lady Fletcher and Sir Edward Lucas are others of the English contingent.

S

HORSE races and battles of flowers, as well as yacht racing and polo, have been among the chief distractions at Deauville, where the Grande Semaine has just ended. There are not so many English visitors as usual this year, but Sir Walter de Frece, Sir John Latta, and Lord and Lady Carnarvon succeeded in keeping the flag flying. If you were on the Riviera last week and were not invited to Captain Molyneux's "swimming dinner," there was every reason for feeling chagrin. This famous dress designer was inaugurating his new swimming pool. Arc lights, fireworks, and an American orchestra provided the background to this dinner party. Among the guests were the Grand Duke Dmitri and his pretty American wife, Lady Juliet Duff, Mrs. Richard Norton, the

CAPTAIN MOLYNEUX'S "SWIMMING DINNER"

Marquise de Casa Maury, the Ranee of Pudukota, Mrs. Otto Kahn, and Constance Bennett.

THESE were only a handful of the more famous guests. The peripatetic Lord Portarlington, Lord and Lady Brownlow, Lord and Lady Abingdon, Noel Coward, Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten, Lady Cynthia Mosley, Lady Alexandra Metcalfe, Lady Ravensdale, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Arlen, and Mrs. Reggie Fellowes swelled the list.

THIS party alone gives a good idea of how popular and smart Antibes and Cannes continue to be. These twenty-eight wet English week-ends are exerting more and more pressure on people to go to the South of France. To give you an idea of the sunshine at Cannes, I may say that during July there were as many as 377 hours of sunshine there, which is more than twelve hours every day. On July 27 it actually drizzled, otherwise there was no rain at all.

THE PRINCE OF WALES has not yet visited Antibes, although he has travelled almost all over the Continent except Switzerland. But this is quite understandable. He likes to take his golf clubs with him, and there is no golf, naturally, on the Riviera at this time of year. At Biarritz it is a very different matter. There are at least six courses within easy reach and all in fine condition.

THE best and by far the most difficult of them is at Hossegor, about twenty miles north of Biarritz. It is very long, very heavily bunkered, and, being out of the way, has very few visitors. Chiberta is, of course, the best links near Biarritz. It is owned by the widow of Captain Lowenstein, and is one of the prettiest courses in the world. The course at St. Jean de Luz is also great fun, but it flatters one's handicap very much indeed. It is not, frankly, as long as it pretends to be.

ONE thing is certain, though the Prince is only two or three miles from Bayonne, he will not go to visit the local bull-fights. Bull-fighting in Spain is bad enough, but bull-fighting in France, where the matadors do not know the finer points of their craft, is the most revolting spectacle that you can ever hope to avoid.

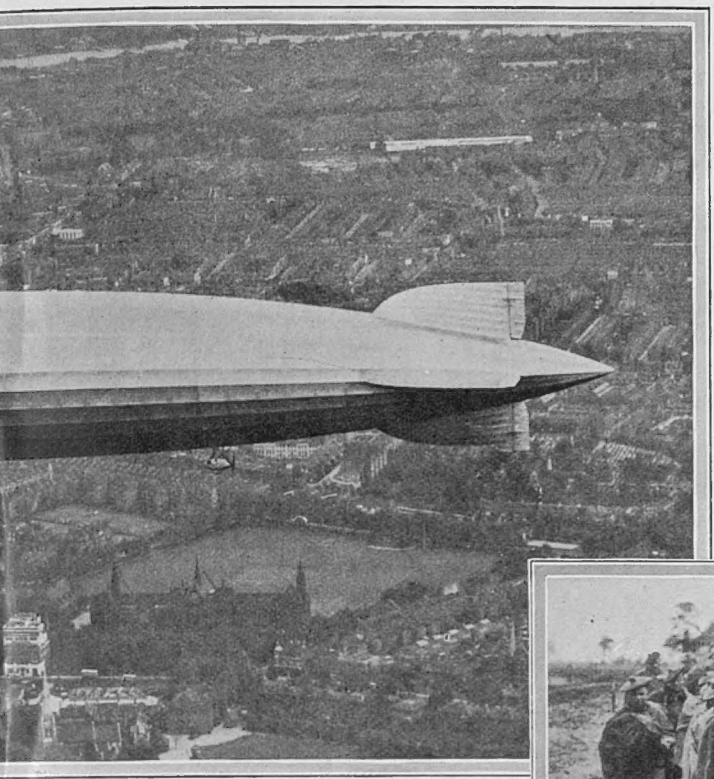
ROYAL HONEYMOONERS IN ENGLAND

(Left) Princess Ileana of Roumania and her husband, the Archduke Anton von Hapsburg, at Stag Lane with their new Puss Moth aeroplane, which is similar to that of the Prince of Wales's. It was a wedding gift from King Carol. They had previously cancelled the trip arranged for in the Graf Zeppelin, seen above flying over West Kensington, with St. Paul's School in the right foreground. It is close to Holland Park, where a large anti-aircraft battery was located during the War when Zeppelins flew higher and with less safety

Miss Paddie Naismith, the winner of the Ladies' Cup in the Ulster Motor Rally, beside the door of her "Avon" Standard. She has often driven the Prime Minister's car, but not with an eye to breaking speed records

LE TOUQUET continues to be crowded. Lord Charles Hope, who is almost as good at lawn tennis as he

SPORT AT POURVILLE



is at golf, and can play almost equally well with his left hand as with his right, was one of those who entered for the weekly tennis tournaments there. Marcel Bernard, Boussus, and George Lyttleton Rogers were some of the competitors. Like Deauville, Le Touquet is indulging in battles of flowers, and, with the assistance of the huntsmen and hounds of the local

Drag-hunt, manages to make it more picturesque than usual.

SIR ESMOND OVEY, our Minister in Russia, is probably not sorry to be back in England for a while. During his distinguished diplomatic career he has served in Tangier, Stockholm, Washington, Teheran, and Paris. His six weeks' holiday on the green backwaters of the Thames at Henley is very well deserved.

POURVILLE has enjoyed some first-rate polo this season at the Sporting Club, the newly enlarged ground proving a great success. Apart from the home teams, the United Services, the Etceteras, and the National School of Equitation have all been seen in action there this month. An unusually interesting game was that played on August 16 between the Sporting Club and the Visitors, which resulted in a win for the latter by four goals to two. The recent heavy rain resulted in the ground being cut up a good deal, but an army of volunteer "stampers" saved the situation.

OTTER-HUNTING is another sport to have won popularity at Pourville. Prince Gregoire Sturdza recently imported a pack of otterhounds numbering five couples from Wales, and they are now busy hunting the various small streams in and around the Pourville Valley. The officials of the Pourville Valley Otter Hounds, as they

A WASH-OUT FOR THE ARMY

The recent manœuvres were literally washed out last week thanks to our glorious summer weather, and above a detachment of the Cameronians are seen on Scragley Hill returning to camp after Jupiter Pluvius had scored a heavy victory over Mars. On the left the Duke of Connaught is seen waiting to watch troops march past before the start of the "battle." Included in the group are Princess Marie Louise and Lady Patricia Ramsay

are officially designated, are Prince Gregoire Sturdza, who combines the duties of Master and Huntsman, and two Whips, Princess Sturdza and Capt. Burns-Lindow.

SCOTLAND is claiming Mr. and Mrs. Edge, the American Ambassador in Paris, and his wife. Lord and Lady Thankerton have also gone north. South America, on the other hand, has appealed to Lord Malmesbury and Sir Henry and Lady Harris. Other "movements" include the departure of Lord and Lady Dufferin for Ireland, and the return to London of Lady Mary Savile from Yorkshire.

FESTIVITIES IN THE HIGHLANDS

THE INVERARAY GATHERING

The Highland Games drew a large audience to the Inveraray Gathering, which, despite the inevitable wet weather, proved a big success. Youthful performers are seen in the upper photograph in the throes of a Highland fling, and below are seen Miss Elizabeth Milne, the granddaughter of Lady Frances Campbell, the Duke of Argyll, Sir Archibald Campbell and his son, Mr. G. Campbell

WITH the laudable object of affording their guests every opportunity of enjoying as much sunshine as our errant climate allows, the management of the Palace Hotel at Torquay have opened a new sun lounge adjoining the ballroom and overlooking the hotel grounds, which is so designed that it will catch all the sunshine that may be spared us. If, however, the days are dull, the sun lounge rises superior to the occasion and proceeds to go more than one better than the Clerk of the Weather.

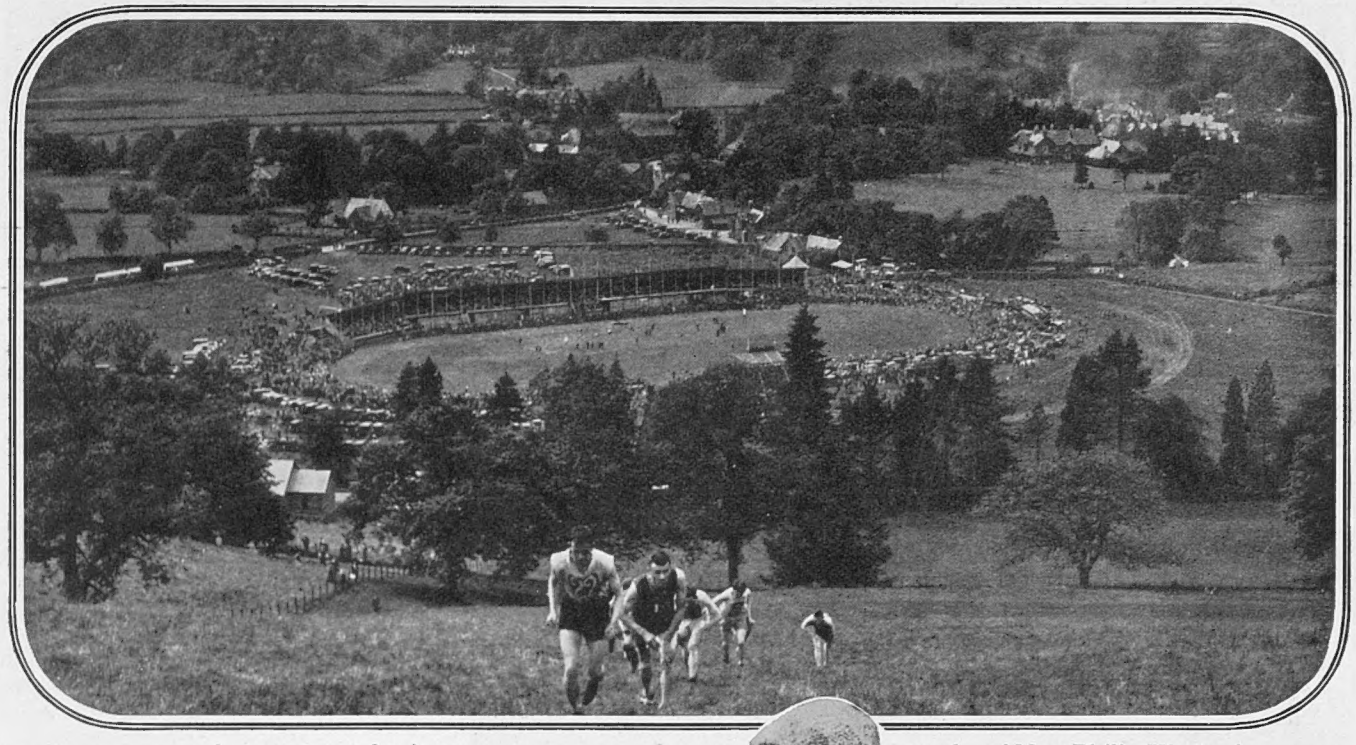
ARANGE of lamps and radiators which impart the beneficial rays of the sun have been installed here, and they are capable of providing, not only light, but heat, thus enabling one to enjoy the blessings of that rara avis—a perfect summer day. "Sunshine to Order" is a slogan which cannot fail to bring more than a little consolation to our hearts in a climate such as ours.

THE suggestion made by Mr. N. F. Barford, the secretary of the English Sunbathing Society, that nudism will come to England may not be far short of the mark. The other day I paid a flying visit to a nudist club near Berlin, where everybody, including myself, had to remove his or her clothes. One bathed, drank, ate, played games, and ran about with nothing on at all. It was all so completely natural that there was nothing to be shocked at. But, except when the sun shone, it was by no means warm.

WHAT is far less decent is the half-nakedness of slipping shoulder-straps when people are sunbathing near the sea. And yet, if a person is to be tanned all over, there is no way out. The two thin white lines marking the place where the shoulder-straps were

More spectators at Inveraray Highland Games. They are the Hon. James Weir (left), the elder son of Lord and Lady Weir, Miss Milne and the Hon. Elspeth Weir

BRITISH BOXERS — NEW TYPE



are the reverse of pretty, and, in fact, look like scars.

THE sudden discovery by a leading London newspaper that Augustus John's son has turned professional boxer will amuse most of THE BYSTANDER readers who know their Paris. Young John has been boxing there with varying success for nearly a year, and it was at least six months ago that a reference to him appeared in these Notes.

DESMOND JEANS, I hear, will later return to America, though whether to box or act I do not know. Probably it will be to do the former, as there is no Boxing Equity in the U.S. to stop English boxers earning their livelihood over there. Jeans and his eyeglass were great favourites in the States, where he is called "Desmond Jeans of the Horse Marines."

IT appears that in our issue of August 12 we, all unwittingly, nearly brought about a grave International crisis, which, however, has happily been averted. Owing to an error on the part of a photographic agency, we published a picture taken at Cowes and purporting to be of Mrs. Philip Kindersley accompanied by a gentleman who was, presumably, "Jerome Kindersley." We now learn that it was not Mrs. Kindersley, but Mrs. Patrick Davison and "Jeremy Davison" whose photograph we published, and we therefore hasten to make the necessary correction, and express our regret for any inconvenience occasioned to the ladies in question.

SPORT IN THE LAKE DISTRICT

The upper photograph shows the Senior Guides' race in progress at the Grasmere and Lake District Annual Athletic Sports. The judging ring is clearly seen in the centre of the Valley and in the lower photograph Mrs. Anthony Lowther is seen admiring Saddleback Lad, the winner of the Trail at this meeting

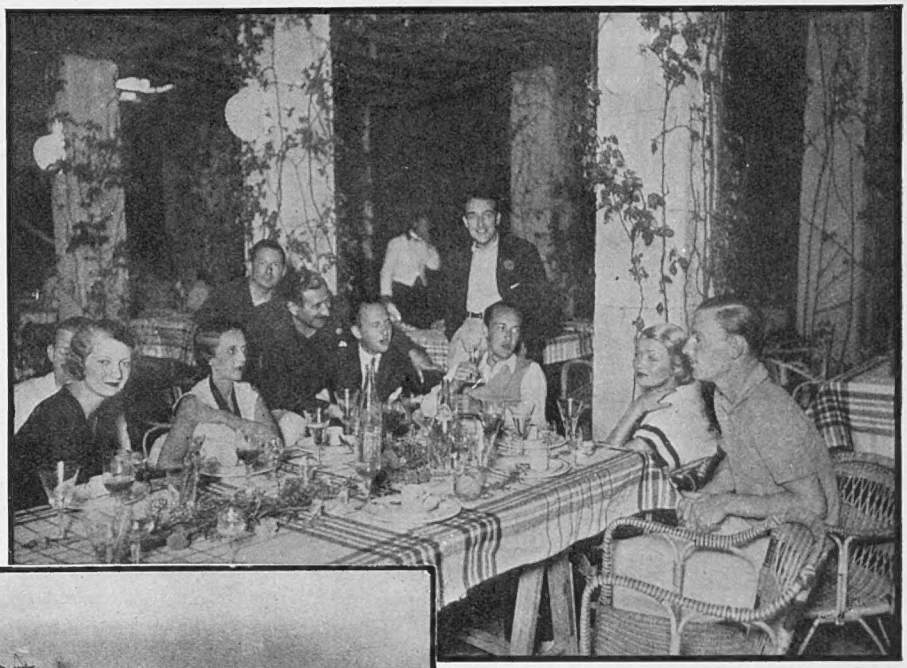
UNFORTUNATELY, "Jeremy Davison" was not inclined to take a lenient view of the possibility of his being confused in the minds of BYSTANDER readers with "Jerome Kindersley," who is his cousin and a most distinguished Frenchman, whilst the latter strongly resented the idea of being liable to being labelled by inference as an Irishman.

HAPPILY, however, we have been able to smooth over the unfortunate mistake without fresh and more serious complications arising, and we cannot praise too highly the inherent level-headedness of the two gentlemen concerned. It only remains for us to add that, by their reasonable and

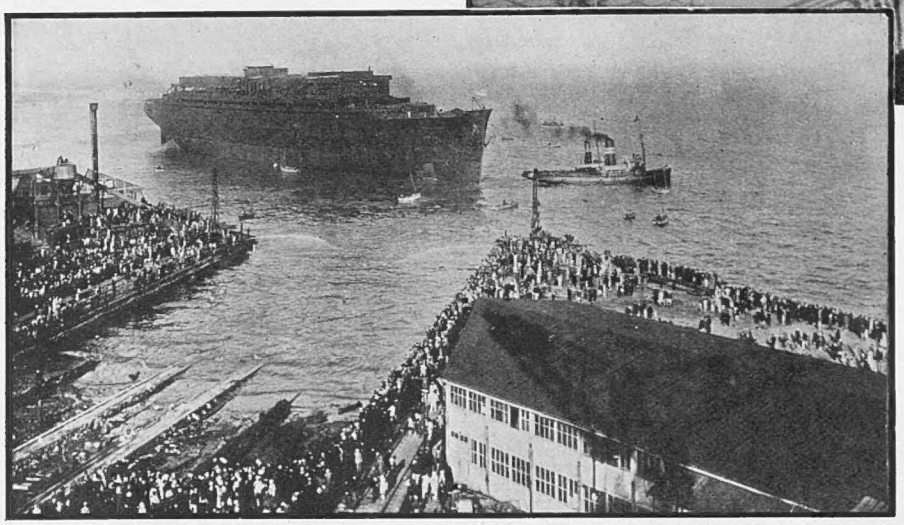
AUGUST OCCASIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD

courteous acceptance of our explanation and apology, "Jeremy Davison" and "Jerome Kindersley" have upheld the best traditions of Blue Roan Cocker Spaniels and French Bulldogs respectively and Dogdom as a whole!

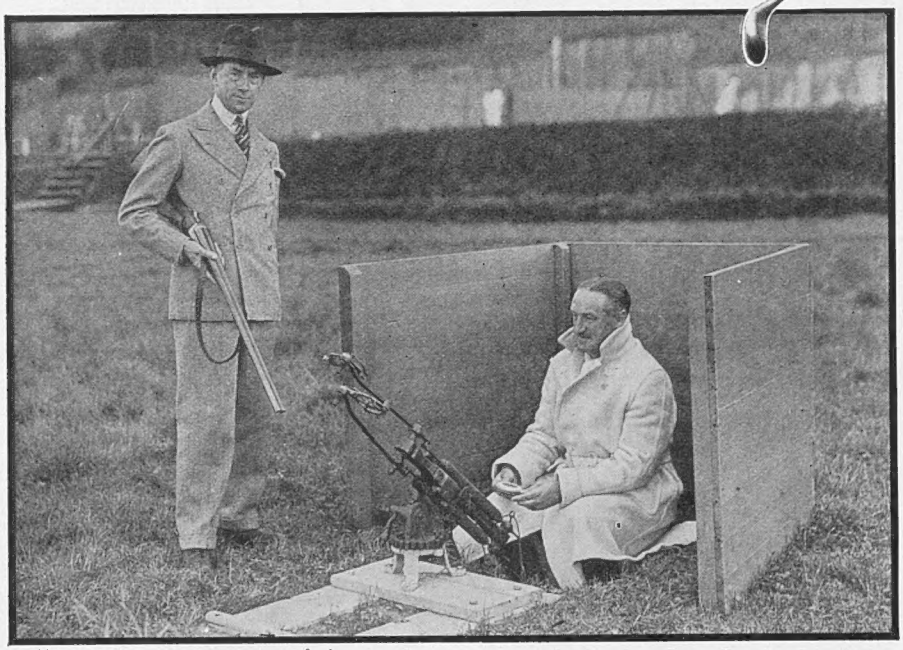
THE new luxury cabin liner, "Champlain," which was recently launched at St. Nazaire, will form a notable addition to the French Line fleet when she makes her maiden voyage next spring on the Havre-Plymouth-New York route. One of her outstanding features will be a huge and unencumbered sun deck, whilst an extremely wide and lengthy promenade deck sheltered for over three-quarters of its length by great plate-



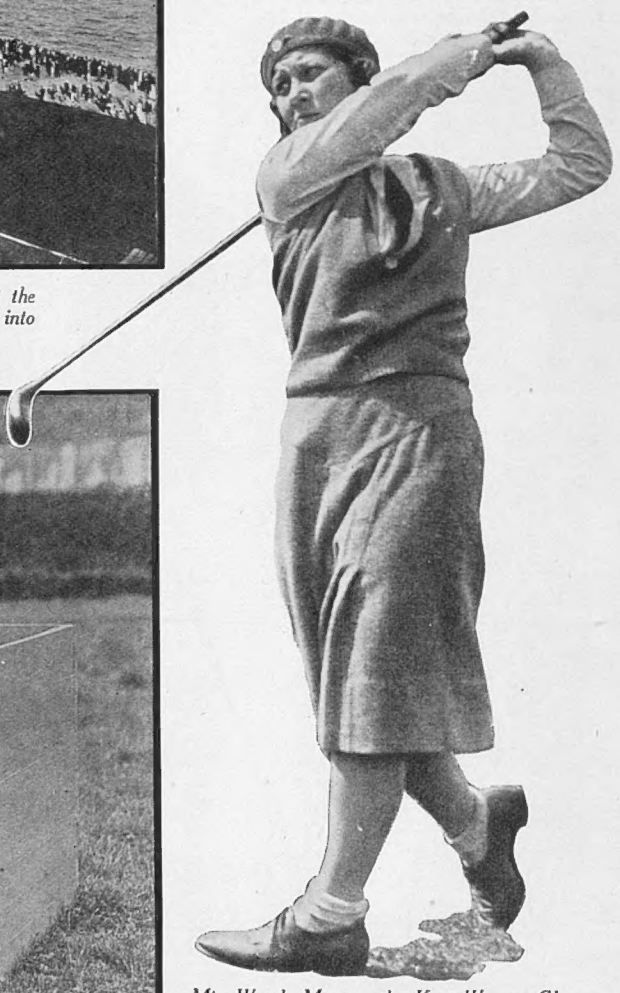
Capt. Molyneux, the famous dress designer, with some of his guests at his swimming party at Cap d'Ail. Included in the group are the Marquise de Casa Maury, M. Bustos, Cte. de Saint Genis, the Marquis de la Falaise and the American film star, Constance Bennett



The French Line's new luxury cabin liner, "Champlain," after her launching at the Penhoet shipyard at St. Nazaire. Of 28,000 tons displacement, she will enter into service on the Havre-Plymouth-New York route next spring



Although a grouse moor is one of the very few sports not to be found at Pourville, the clay pigeon shooting affords ample opportunity for the keen shot to keep his hand and eye in before going to the moors later in the year. Sir Frank Sanderson is seen above chatting with Colonel Smallwood, who is loading one of the clay bird traps



Miss Wanda Morgan, the Kent Woman Champion, driving from the seventeenth tee at the Ladies' Open Meeting at Herne Bay. Despite the wind and rain, when playing from scratch she returned a remarkable score of 75 to finish second in this event

H O R S E S I T W I L L P A Y T O F O L L O W

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

GIUDECCA, with luck at the gate, will soon earn winning brackets. Carried a pile of money at Stockton and was favourite. Losses will be recovered.

A LACQUER LASS was not suited by the treacherous conditions at Redcar, and as a guide to the future the form can be ignored. Money returned from the offices to the ring. Follow over six furlongs.

KINGFISHER was very unlucky at Bath. She slipped up rounding the bend into the straight, but ran on into second place. Started favourite. Should be noted over a mile.

BESTOBELL will pay to follow. Was fourth over a mile and a quarter at Windsor. Was with the leaders most of the journey.

VALHERO is a promising two-year-old and will be all the better for his race at Wolverhampton when he next appears in public.

LEMONITION is favourably handicapped at York on Thursday. Is very fit, and should be backed with confidence.

glass windows will be an innovation certain to be greatly appreciated.

A "MOSQUITO DAY" LUNCHEON

A general view of the luncheon, in the form of "tiffin" as served in India, given to Sir Ronald Ross, the Director of the Ros. Institute and Hospital for Tropical Diseases, Putney, in celebration of the thirty-fourth anniversary of his discovery that malaria is caused by mosquito bites. Among the guests who assembled to do honour to Sir Ronald, seen at the top table wearing a buttonhole, were the Poet Laureate and Mrs. Masefield

THERE will be accommodation for three classes of passengers, "Cabin," "Tourist Class," and "Third Tourist," and every cabin will have either its own bath or shower attached to it, whilst in both "Cabin" and "Tourist" classes there will be hot and cold running water, and no expense is being spared to make them comfortable.

Squadron-Leader A. H. Orlebar, who commands the British High Speed Flight now in training at Calshot for the Schneider Trophy contest next month, with Mr. R. J. Mitchell, the designer of the Vickers Supermarine Rolls-Royce S6. The new British machines are a triumph of engineering

Mr. Ronald P. Crawshaw and his bride, Miss Elizabeth Harmood-Banner, the elder daughter of Sir Harmood and Lady Harmood-Banner, leaving the church at Montgomery after their wedding. Sir Harmood is Mayor of the ancient borough of Montgomery and a former High Sheriff of the County

Lady Castlerosse and Mr. John McMullin aboard a yacht in Cannes Harbour. The hot Riviera sunshine makes cruising a real joy

GROSVENOR—MAYFAIR

MAYFAIR double-owe-owe-three-ten . . . hello . . . hold on, Monte-Carlo wants you . . . hello . . . hello, Baa . . . darling, how are you? . . . I'm burnt to a cinder . . . it is lovely here . . . so gay and such lovely people . . . our loveliest, Edwina Mountbatten, was rather shaken after being nearly drowned. . . . Bobbie Cunningham-Reid is a complete hero, of course. . . . Alexandra Metcalfe is looking too attractive, and her sister Cynie is as brown as her children . . . which is saying a good deal. . . .

* * *

I DO hope Kitty Brownlow will get a little fatter . . . she is here, and only a shadow of the plump, beautiful girl who took London by storm . . . her sister, Jean Norton, has got much thinner, too, but no one could be covered with less flesh than Kitty. . . . The sea is so warm and blue, and the life so lazy and entertaining, that I am praying the summer will never end. . . .

White bathing caps are the only wear this year, and white bathing dresses . . . some with coloured spots. . . . Henry Norman and his charming wife are at Antibes with their family. . . . Phyllis Allen has a divine villa . . so high up it seems half way to heaven. . . . The Portarlingtons have left, but not before Lionel had caused a tremendous sensation with his beach clothes. . . . Carlow is so nice . . . but rather reserved. . . . Winnie was radiant . . . and everyone was so sad that her visit was so short. . . . Rosita Forbes is here wearing more spectacular pyjamas than usual . . . and having her inevitable success. . . .

* * *

I HEAR Mary Strickland is recovering rapidly after an operation. . . . I am so glad . . . she is so sweet . . . and looked too beautiful, I am told, as the Madonna in the Tewkesbury Pageant. . . . Apperley Court in that neighbourhood is a lovely house. . . . Mary's sisters are as charming as herself. . . . Cynthia Asquith is so clever, and Bibs Plymouth is a dear, and has the most adorable children I have ever met. . . .

* * *

SUCH a lot of nice people seem to live round Tewkesbury . . . that delightful old-world town in Gloucestershire . . . the Coventrys for one. . . . Diana has been such a success this season. She is Mrs. Charlie's daughter . . . her great friends the Lygons are not far away at Madresfield . . . and the Vincent Yorkes at Forthampton . . . their youngest son writes brilliantly under the name of Henry Green. . . .

* * *

I SAW Mrs. Yorke . . . she is Lord Leconfield's sister, you remember . . . on her return from Norway . . . where she had been for a short cruise which, she told me, she enjoyed enormously. . . .

* * *

SWITZERLAND is having a great vogue this year; I saw Edward Davson and his wife, who told me that the weather has been perfect. . . . King Feisal is at St. Moritz . . . and there are all sorts of gaieties in consequence; the Humphrys are there, of course . . . he is High Commissioner of Iraq . . . and the Princess Borghese. . . .

* * *

THE craze for a motoring holiday can be inconvenient for those who seek solitude à deux . . . a party of very bright young things arrived at a pub in Italy the other night . . . and surprised the lovely wife of a well-known sportsman . . . and an officer in the . . . no, perhaps that would be indiscreet . . . enough said that we all know him very well. . . .

* * *

A THOUSAND congratulations, of course, have been winging their way to Canada to the Bessboroughs . . . a second son . . . they must be delighted . . . their last child, Moyra, is twelve years old. . . . The Jellicoe's have gone to Canada for the Exhibition at Toronto. . . . Brocas and Gwendoline with them . . . they are a most devoted family . . . and Lady Jellicoe is such good company. . .

I hear from Paris that, having endured green moleskin and black ermine last winter, we are to have it in blue, crimson, violet, and orange! However, I at last know what to do with my old pieces which have gone yellow with age . . . chiffon tea-gowns with rows of coloured ermine are too lovely. . . .

* * *

LOOKING through the window as I talk to you, Baa . . . I see the Casino like an iced cake, the red seats, striped umbrellas, and absurdly blue sea . . . and the Abingdons wandering down to the beach. . . . Bettine is looking so nice. . . . Darling, this call is costing me thousands of francs. . . Good-bye, my sweet . . . the most divine drink is awaiting me . . . and six-foot-two of niceness called George. . . .

Peter North

ISABEL JEANS

The leading lady in "Counsel's Opinion," which starts its London run at the Strand Theatre to-night (Wednesday), following a preliminary canter in the provinces. Included in the cast are Owen Nares, Morton Selten and Allen Aynesworth

AT THE PLAY

AN ARTIST'S TOUCH

Karl Hirsch (Ambrose Manning), who provides a firework display, but not of the verbal variety, in Doumayer's garden where Strauss Senior was to conduct some of his own waltze.

"Waltzes from Vienna," at the Alhambra

NOWADAYS a producer often appears a more important individual than the author of a play. At the Alhambra, for instance, the name of Hassard Short, who is responsible for the production of *Waltzes from Vienna,* figures in far bigger type on the programme than the English authors, Messrs. Desmond Carter and Caswell Garth, and, for once in a way, this prominence is entirely justified. For the production is everything, and the book of little account.

HASSARD SHORT is a great artist. Helped by Doris Zinkeisen, who has designed dresses which are beautiful beyond compare, he has given a series of stage pictures which I have never seen equalled. More elaborate scenes may have been staged in the past, but none more effective or artistically satisfying; while the lighting, which constantly changes from the most brilliant colour schemes to the soft tones of a summer's night, defies description.

JOHANN STRAUSS, father and son, figure in the thin story of *Waltzes from Vienna,* and as characters in a play they are of not much account; but as their presence is an excuse for listening to the music which they composed, the plot may be forgiven—if ever understood.

INDEED, it is not only the plot which is poor, but the book itself. It really looks as if the English adapters, Desmond Carter and Caswell Garth, had come to the conclusion that nothing could be done with the original version by no fewer than three Germans, and took the line of least resistance. There was assuredly not a witty line in the whole play! Only C. V. France, as the elder Strauss, and Marie Burke, a Russian countess (who also sang beautifully), seemed able to do much with this suet-pudding dialogue. As for the three comedians, Davy Burnaby, Robert Nainby, and Ambrose Manning, not all their experience could lift the characters they portrayed from the depths of dreariness.

BUT though the show would be better with a more lively and humorous book, one need pay but little attention to it. It is singing, dancing, and spectacle which occupy most of the time. Here we have Dennis Noble in first-rate voice; Evelyn Herbert, a new leading lady from America, who sings better than she acts; and Robert Halliday, as the younger Strauss, entirely adequate. They, in addition to Marie Burke, keep the musical pot-pourri up to boiling point.

AND, thrown in as a make-weight, which is light and airy, we have some beautiful ballet dancing, with Alexandra Danilova as première danseuse, showing the younger generation the dances about which grandpapa used to rave. Had he seen these, helped as they are by modern lighting controlled by a master hand, words would have indeed failed him.

JOHANN STRAUSS

Papa Strauss (C. V. France), seated at the piano, shows his nonsense about em. Therese Ebeseder (Evelyn Herbert), waltzes would

Hieronymus Ebeseder (Davy Burnaby), a pastrycook, and Ferdinand Wessely (Robert Nainby), a tailor, are two characters intended to supply comic relief without assistance from the authors. That is why they look so cross

AT THE ALHAMBRA — By Vernon Woodhouse

SENIOR *v.* JOHANN STRAUSS JUNIOR

son (Robert Halliday) how waltzes should be composed, with no new-fangled who is being embraced, is bitterly disappointed at papa's verdict that his son's never achieve popularity

SKETCHES OF "WALTZES FROM VIENNA," AT THE ALHAMBRA, BY H. H. HARRIS

comedy by twittering. No one could have twittered better. Michael Hogan, Donovan Maule, Ivo Dawson, and Martin Sands all gave of their best, but I wish to goodness they had appeared in a better play. V. W.

"Black Magic," at the Royalty

"NESTA SAWYER," author of *Black Magic*, once again uses a garrulous butler to put us in possession of all the up-to-date facts concerning his master, the scientist, Giles Chalfont, and his newly made wife, Mary. He also imparts this information to Margaret Huntington, Chalfont's cousin, and her fool of a husband, who have dropped in to pay a call.

NOW, Giles Chalfont is almost as rare a character as a garrulous butler, being a sadistic sort of scientist who makes of his wife a nervous wreck, and then, Svengali-like, hypnotises her in order to make her full of life and sex appeal. By one of those rare chances so useful on the stage, a locum tenens called in to attend to one of the scientist's assistants is an old flame of Chalfont's wife.

THE scientist realises to the full that the pair are in love with each other, so what more natural than an exercise of his power to make his wife shoot her lover? To risk your wife going to the gallows or to penal servitude is the sort of thing that any scientist of sadistic tendencies would consider all in the day's work.

FRANKLIN DYALL did his damnedest to make Giles Chalfont believable. It was not his fault he failed. Kathleen O'Regan, as the down-trodden wife, gave a really good performance, but in the trappings of fashion, and full of joie-de-vivre, she was unconvincing. Again, this was no fault of hers.

ATHENE SEYLER, who is one of the most intelligent actresses on the stage, seems fated to be cast for fools. Such another is Mrs. Huntington, who provides light

Leopold Wessely (Dennis Noble) and Countess Olga Baranskaja (Marie Burke), who raise the roof and the enthusiasm of the audience with their singing of the Strauss music

THE PAST REBORN at WALMER CASTLE

Walmer Castle provided an ideal setting for the historical pageant dealing with incidents in the life of King Egbert of Kent. On the left are seen some of the performers in the raiment—and whiskers—of a bygone age, on the bridge that spans the old moat of the Castle

Egbert's Queen and her retinue passing along the ramparts of the castle at Walmer during one of the episodes of the pageant. The photograph seen inset is, we hasten to add, not *an episode of the pageant, the four "nuns" merely seeking a little relief in the fragrant weed from the ardours of their pageantry duties*

THE THEATRE OF TO-DAY

A SERIES BY NORMAN HILLSON

III—THE BACKERS

"There is one born every hour"

DECORATIONS BY AUBREY HAMMOND

"A rather subdued man, wearing an unusual hat"

At the next first night you happen to attend, look out for a strange and rather subdued man wearing an unusual hat. Take a good look at him. In the ordinary way no one would observe his existence. Yet he is the man who is responsible for your enjoyment. He is the backer.

Backers almost invariably wear funny hats. It is the only badge of their office. At some first nights, when the house is difficult to fill, he may also be the only person who has paid for his seat. Backers, like Bernard Shaw, always pay for their seats. Don't examine his linen too carefully. That is his last shirt. It is going on the next success.

Theatrical managers know there is a backer born every hour. Only the lucky ones manage to find them. Once a theatre manager has found a backer he is on velvet. He knows he cannot lose anything. He leaves such trifles to the backer.

Now, the finding of backers is a little game to which the general public is not admitted. In England there is nothing to prevent anyone from describing himself as a theatrical manager. But you cannot be a backer unless you have a lot of money. The average theatrical manager spends the greater part of his time looking for backers. They are so much harder to find than plays. Plays are plentiful. Backers are scarce.

"Plays are plentiful"

I want you to come with me to a restaurant in the Strand and watch a certain table at which two or three men are talking very earnestly, while one is very still and bewildered. The three who talk are theatrical managers. The silent one is the potential backer. They are persuading him to put up money for a new show.

If the rich man shows the slightest signs of yielding to their blandishments, he is taken off to a reading of a play where a special and very select audience is waiting to applaud and marvel at a commonplace script read by a professional reader. If their efforts succeed, and the backer agrees to put up the money, then the managers mark themselves down for a salary of twenty-five to fifty pounds a week (summer fees), and the play gets under way. Until the opening night the backer is the uncrowned king. He walks in and out of the theatre as if he owned it—as, indeed, he does for the time being. His advice is sought on things he knows nothing about. His wishes are met before they are uttered. But when the opening night comes, he is forgotten. He is allowed to pay for his seat and wear his funny hat. You look out for him. You cannot miss him.

Of course, there are actor managers and theatre managers who finance their own productions without searching round for rich men willing to put up money. These estimable people do not come within the scope of these remarks. I simply refer to a certain section of theatre managers—the men who have failure after failure, but still crop up again for no real reason. They are the speculators of the theatre which the theatre could well afford to be without, but isn't. For quite a number of people, the backer is the breath and bread of life.

A friend once found himself at an audition held at a suite of rooms in Jermyn Street. He had no idea why he was asked to attend. Perhaps someone thought he was rich. Seated close to a well-known play-reader was a resplendent figure in morning dress, silk hat, and enormous red carnation. Next to him was a small and insignificant man who had secreted a very funny-looking hat behind his chair.

A script was produced and a dreadful play was read over really magnificently. At every pretence of a joke the resplendent gentleman slapped his knees and then slapped the back of the insignificant little man and burst into deep laughter. This went on for a long time, until eventually the insignificant man laughed in sympathy.

The reading continued. The little man obviously thought it very strange. But he laughed. At the end he got out his cheque book and wrote the magic words and signature. The play-reader ceased. The rest of the company lighted new cigars. The theatrical manager in their midst was courtesy itself. He had found a new backer. The play was put on. It ran for a week or two. The backer paid the bills. The theatrical manager is now looking for a new backer. Perhaps he has already found one. So life in a certain section of the theatre goes on.

It is a most curious thing that business men with lots of money and good heads for figures in Throgmorton Street or Cornhill seem to lose their judgment completely the moment

they walk into a theatre. The ways of speculative managers are so skilled, they induce rich business men to part with enormous sums. I also know managers who sit up with old ladies and persuade them their wealth would be far better employed in furthering the cause of the great British drama. And when the plays are produced the managers become even more clever. There are quite a number of theatrical backers who have never had a proper look at the balance sheet of the show they are financing. Some of them never see a balance sheet at all. The education of most theatrical managers stops short of that. They leave such things to the accountants.

"Managers who sit up with old ladies"

THERE is another kind of backer—the man who is interested in a certain actress. He will put up the money provided "so and so" has a

"They still crop up again for no real reason"

part. If a man is rich enough he can indulge foibles of this kind. And the other day there was an instance of a fond parent who thought his daughter would take London by storm. He put on a play and gave enormous parties. Everyone went to the parties. No one went to the play. His daughter has slipped back to the obscurity from which she should never have emerged.

THERE used to be a well-known backer who looked exactly like Dr. W. G. Grace. His whiskers were enormous. He was taken under the wing of three or four of the speculative managers, and he was induced to part with some very large sums. But after a few initial experiences he became really interested in theatre finance. He found out that backing plays was much more risky than petits chevaux or trente-et-quarante. He decided to buy the bricks and mortar of theatre buildings instead. He died some time ago a very rich man. But I suppose in certain theatrical quarters in London he is described as an outsider and all the rest. No true backer should safeguard his own interests. It is against the rules.

ON the reverse side of the medal I find an instance of another who stipulated that if he put up the money he was guaranteed against its loss. Moreover, if the show was successful, he wanted his money back and a third of the profits. The theatre manager who netted this Shylock was ready to agree to any terms provided he could raise money to put on a show. The contract was signed. The show failed dismally. The theatre manager had to repay the backer his losses. He went bankrupt. That qualified him for the full privileges of theatrical management.

AND there is an authentic instance of a group of backers who got together concerning a defaulting theatre manager. They determined to have legal redress and held an indignation meeting. The theatre manager was called in and was told everything was disgraceful. He agreed with them. There had been gross mismanagement. The meeting was so flattered at his admission they lent him some more money. He lost it for them.

THERE is another curious characteristic about the theatrical backer. If a show goes well, he generally disappears from view. He is like the successful plunger who goes into the rooms at Monte Carlo, makes a lot of money, and takes the Blue Train back to Paris the next afternoon. Such strong-minded people are not rare in the theatre. It is the backer who loses who is the fairest game. He goes on backing, hoping to get his money back. He rarely does.

IF you are a student of certain newspaper agony columns you sometimes see enticing advertisements, "Will someone interested in the theatre invest the small sum of £1,500 in a theatrical adventure? Cannot fail." They are sometimes found like that. In fact, I believe the leaseholder of one of the West End theatres at the present moment came into the theatrical business by answering such an advertisement. Incidentally, he has made a lot of money.

BUT the theatre is like that. Either you make a lot or lose a lot. The speculative manager is the only one who sits on the fence and makes money either way.

SO next time you see an insignificant fellow in a theatre vestibule wearing a funny hat, treat him with the deference which is his due. He is deserving of your sympathy. He is probably a backer.

IN BRIEF

DOCTOR: "I would advise you, madame, to take frequent baths, get plenty of fresh air, and dress in cool gowns."

PATIENT'S HUSBAND (*an hour later*): "Well, what did the doctor say?"

WIFE: "He said I ought to go to Baden-Baden, and then to Switzerland. Also that I must get some new light gowns at once."

* * *

URSULA: "It says in the paper that a woman in Liverpool has just cremated her third husband."

HILDA: "Isn't that always the way? Some of us can't get one, and other women have husbands to burn!"

* * *

"MATILDA, won't you sing to our guests?"

"Oh, but, dear, it is so late, and, besides, they are starting to leave."

* * *

"Do you ever take your wife out with you in your car?"

"No fear. I can't contend with both of them together!"

* * *

A WRITER says our greatest educational force is the Cinema. At one the other night we learnt that if a new hat is placed on a vacant seat a stranger will come and sit on it.

BY LESLIE BUTLER

BUILDER: "*This is the house in the Tudor style, sir*"
PROSPECTIVE BUYER: "*I don't care for the Tudor style*"
BUILDER: "*Soon alter that, sir. Bill, just bring a pail of water and wash out these oak beams*"

if Sossip

Dorothy Wilding

KATHLEEN O'REGAN

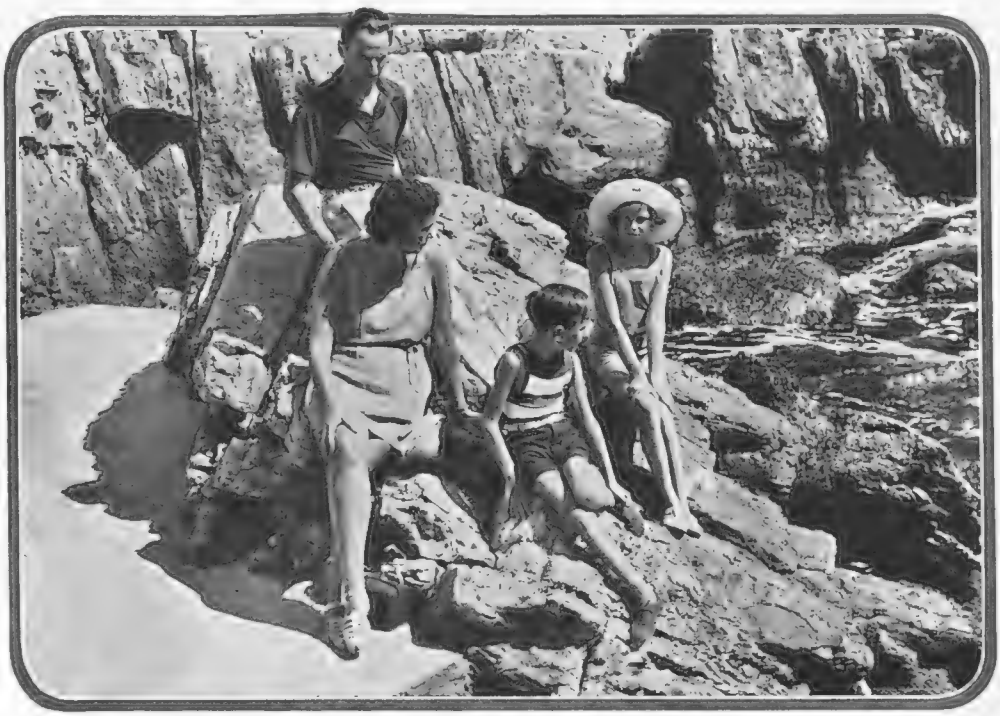
Appearing in "Black Magic," at the Royalty Theatre, as a sort of modern Trilby to the Svengali of Franklin Dyall, who bends her to his wicked will

"Excuse me, sir, but will you be

"HEAR the other side," is a rule which should be obeyed by all who are in any way concerned with anything in the nature of a judicial function. It is even more than that. It is one of the first principles of life to a man who endeavours, in the immortal words of June (Lady Inverclyde), "to act the gentleman." Mr. St. John Ervine a little time ago had some hard things to say about THE BYSTANDER. So I endeavoured to impress on him that there was another side to the question, and in the course of doing so contrived to land a biff or two. Mr. Ervine, as befits a sensible man and a sportsman, now writes an amusing little note, saying that he loves a good fight, and invokes Heaven's blessing on our not altogether unworthy heads. In short, as that arbitrix elegantiarum of rare intuition, Lady Inverclyde (June), would put it, he has "acted the gentleman."

S

I DO not think the B.B.C., in their attitude to Mr. Winston Churchill and the question of India, would earn Lady Inverclyde's moral or social approval. For they refuse to let "the other side" be heard. My own conviction is that the B.B.C. should not embroil themselves in controversies. Such things are not, or should not be, their province. But if they allow politicians or speakers of one type of opinion to use them as a platform they must also open their doors, or, rather, their microphones, to those whose views are contrary. Providing, of course, that those views are neither dangerous nor seditious—which is one of my reasons for declaring that politics over the wireless should be altogether taboo.



NOT CONSULTED BY THE GOVERNMENT!

Sir Oswald Mosley enjoying a summer holiday en famille at Aden Roc, Cap d'Antibes. His family party is almost as large as his political one!

We must—

By Stan Terry

...ing the sea much longer?"

"EQUALITY of sacrifice." That is another of the season's slogans. The country will survive its financial

NOBODY would mind the B.B.C. leaning to the Left if they as frequently and no less heavily leaned towards the Right by way of keeping the balance true. But they do not.

MR. CHURCHILL'S revelation of the correspondence between himself and Mr. Whitley, the B.B.C. chairman, is a convincing proof of this, and is in itself intriguing. Mr. Whitley, having allowed various speakers, including Mr. Polak, who represented "Left" Indian opinion (all of them with standpoints wholly different from that of Mr. Churchill and the very large number of people who agree with him), to say what they wanted over the wireless in favour of curtailing British authority in India, met Mr. Churchill's request to represent the other, and British, side of the question with the reply that such a talk would be "undesirable in view of the delicacy of the situation." The situation was no less delicate when the other fellows were allowed to get their talk in without opposition. That Mr. Whitley was at one time Speaker of the House of Commons makes his injudicious, and unjudicial, handling of this matter the more astounding.

Unfortunately, the B.B.C. are somewhat inclined to display political favouritism and to lean towards the Left. It was not long ago that they allowed a man who is a notorious Communist and a regular contributor to the Communist and Russia-financed daily paper in London, to give a glowing talk on Soviet Russia.

I AGREE with Mr. Whitley that India has for a long time been a delicate matter—far too delicate, in my humble opinion, to be discussed or talked about over the wireless at all. But it must be all or nothing—both sides or neither. The B.B.C., in showing political partiality of a very marked nature in this way, and thereby in arrogating to itself a sort of censorship in vital problems, of which the gagging of Mr. Churchill is a conspicuous, though not a solitary, instance, is not "acting the gentleman." I thank thee, June, for teaching me those words.

PUTTING THE WEIGHT ON

Although most film stars are busy slimming, Tallulah Bankhead has been ordered by the producer of her next talkie to put on several pounds in weight. If the fashion (and the figures) spread in this respect, the new order of things should prove interesting.

AWAY with the Eighteen Day Diet,
Reducing must go by the board,
And though most refined all our film stars
May soon seem remarkably broad.
Yes, the day may yet dawn when their outlines
Resemble the sums they are paid,
And a figure, that quite a fat round one,
Be all à la mode for a maid.

The sinuous slink of La Dietrich,
That thrills all her "fans" to the soul,
Will doubtless be followed ere long by
A hearty, Falstaffian roll.
And heroes now slim and athletic,
Like Fairbanks and Cooper and sich,
Will all look like Laurel or Hardy.
(I never know t'other from which!)

But though their admirers in thousands
Declare with great heat that they hate
To see all their favourite film stars
Assuming such matters of weight,
The players themselves, I am certain,
Will not be upset much by that,
For where will you find a fair actress
Declining a part 'cause it's fat?!

B. W.

Pearl Freeman

Mlle. Desha and her partner, Jean Myrio, who created a sensation in cabaret in London two years ago with their "Rhapsody in Blue" dance, are again appearing in the West End, dancing at the Plaza and also in cabaret. Mlle. Desha is the most famous model in America, and no fewer than fifty-six statues of her have been executed by Harriet Frishmuth, the noted woman sculptor

mess and emerge triumphant. But there will no more be equality of monetary sacrifice in 1931 than there was equality of sacrifice of comfort and of life itself from 1914-1918. It is a glib phrase, which sounds very fine and means precious little. To the bulk of the Socialist Party it means a great deal, for it fits in well with their creed of making the "haves" pay, however much their money has dwindled. *The Daily Herald* had a whole leading article with this heading, and for sheer speciousness it would be hard to beat. It clamoured for equality of sacrifice, and then proceeded to argue that, of course, there must be no cuts in the social services and that "the broadest backs" must bear the burden. This "broadest backs" business sounds very reasonable; but, boiled down, the argument seems to be that sacrifices must on no account be even contemplated by those who vote Socialist. The so-called broadest backs have for years carried the bulk of the nation's burden in the form of income tax (paid by only about 2,000,000 people). These will have their burden increased, either directly or indirectly. And the non-payers of income tax will go scot-free. That is what "Equality of Sacrifice" will actually work out at.

By Hickson

GEORGE AND KENNETH WESTERN

The very amusing duettists who are appearing at Romano's where their daring topical songs are all the rage. Their great number, "The Drum Major," evokes roars of laughter

How can it be otherwise—unless there are to be wage-cuts, the possibility of which the Prime Minister has indignantly denied? Income tax for all has been declared to be impracticable. I do not see why it should be, nor why all classes should not contribute by direct taxation to the upkeep of the State on a sliding scale in proportion to their capacity. As for the machinery for collecting it on small incomes (one argument against this tax is the suggestion that the cost of collection would exceed the amount collected), that machinery is already there in the form of the National Health Insurance cards. For the wage-earner to stick extra stamps on, specifically known as Income Tax Stamps, would not be a difficult matter.

Jack Hulbert rehearsing the chorus in one of their dances at the R.K.O. Theatre, initiated on Friday last. This consists of equal parts of films and stage show, experiment with the

Perhaps one day Sir Oswald Stoll, who has a keen grasp of such matters, even though his articles on the gold standard, and so forth, make pretty tough reading, will give us his views on this point, which is, I expect, a highly important one. Sir Oswald is better as a financial wizard than as an orator. He came on to the stage of the Alhambra at the close of *Waltzes from Vienna*, told us what a

SEVENTY-ONE NOT OUT

Lord Hawke, the father of Yorkshire cricket, still finds time to coach the Young Idea despite the fact that he recently celebrated his seventy-first birthday. A fine bat in his day, he captained Yorkshire for no fewer than twenty-eight years with unfailing success

Leicester Square, where a new type of entertainment was and the entertainment world is watching the effects of the keenest interest

wonderful production it is (there I quite agree), dried up, started again, tailed off into inaudibility, and walked off into the wings. A strange, inscrutable man, Sir Oswald, even to members of his own profession. A well-known comedian was my neighbour at this first-night. As that portly man with his *pince-nez* and immobile expression disappeared, he asked me who he was. "Do you mean to say you don't know?" I replied. "That's Stoll." "Well," was the rejoinder, "all I can say is that I have worked for him, off and on, for thirty years, and this is the first time I have ever seen him!"

S

FIRST-NIGHTS this month are being attended by all sorts of well-known people, quite apart from that appallingly dull gang known as "regular first-nighters." Some are passing through London on their way to Scotland from foreign resorts—anyway, they say they are. Others are obeying the economy stunt, whether they like it or not, and find that the peripatetic existence round various towns on the Continent is not for them just now. It doesn't run to it. But quite a fair amount of amusement can be picked up in London itself, although it does happen to be August. A few of the dance-clubs are closed (one never to reopen); but the majority are in full swing, particularly the smaller ones. The restaurants, too, are by no means in despair, though people are not ordering champagne, and the craze for expensive hocks is dying down with a rush. Only the Americans have been buying these for some time past, and the Americans who are in London in August and September are not of the lavish or luxurious type.

S

QUAGLINO'S, in Bury Street, St. James's, has had such a successful season that Quaglino is launching out on a new scheme of decoration. I never thought that there was much wrong with the old one, but the idea is to go one better. During the last six months the Marquis de Casa Maury has been evolving a new scheme, in conjunction with M. Guieu, who has a European reputation in such matters. It will be very wonderful, I am told. But I don't care much what Quaglino puts on his walls and ceilings so long as he puts bouillabaisse on his menu. This he has promised me to do every Friday throughout the autumn and winter months. Meanwhile, he is to launch the new decorations with a gala night on September 16.

Dorothy Wilding

JOYCE KENNEDY

Who plays one of the leading parts in Edgar Wallace's latest play—or, knowing the rate at which he works, it is safer to say latest at the time of writing—"The Case of the Frightened Lady." It was produced at Wyndham's Theatre on the Tuesday of last week

BY FRANK FORD

"Don't talk dam nonsense, Ernest. Of *course* you're worthy of me!"

PARIS CONSIDERS THESE FASHIONS

Patou has a flair for creating afternoon ensembles, endowing them with a youth-giving atmosphere. The model above is of velvet trimmed with fur, an important feature being the narrow collar band. The blouse is of lamé in Persian colourings—blues, reds, and greens predominating

PATOU is one of the chief sponsors of the blouse; it is seen in conjunction with tailleurs, as well as an important feature of evening dresses. No material is considered too decorative for its fashioning, including lamés and brocades in Persian and other colourings. Braid has returned to favour, and some of these affairs are made of gaily coloured georgette, camouflaged with an all-over design expressed in narrow black soutache. Or the georgette black and the soutache coloured.

ALREADY the notable dressmakers in Paris have eliminated many of the exaggerated Victorian notes which aroused so much discussion a few weeks ago. The threatened bustle has resolved itself into soft bows and draperies; and the pannier, a narrow frill, suggests the place where it might have been. There is a "decided" upward movement in the draperies, while some of the corsages are gauged. When the neckline is cut in a "V," a small vest of a contrasting material with a tinsel line running through it is regarded with favour. Detachable sleeves have again been revived; frankly, they are more like mittens than anything else. Angel skin, satin, and velvet are trumps in the kingdom of evening dress; they are endowed with unique draping possibilities. Black still maintains its position, although many of the original models have been expressed in colours which are reminiscent of the flowers in a Persian garden. Costume jewellery is more elaborate than ever, and it does seem that it may have been influenced, like the autumn fashions, by that of the Second Empire.

Exclusive BYSTANDER *photographs*

This velvet ensemble likewise comes from Patou and is trimmed with fur. Long gloves are worn, the sleeves just turning the elbow. The blouse is of lamé showing a Persian colour scheme It is provided with a narrow belt finished with a silken tassel; at the neck there is the merest suspicion of a cowl drapery

NOT ONLY SMART BUT INDISPENSABLE

THERE is little news to relate about wrap-coats. In Paris they are made of a new fabric that may be described as a mousse hopsac, as well as a variation of faced cloth. The colours are vivid, including sapphire, bottle, and lacquer red. They are all enriched with fur, the collars more often than not being of fox. Flat-haired pelts cut in mosaic pieces are used for decorative purposes; they appear on the sleeves and down the front. Capes occupy a prominent position, including the coachman's tiered model trimmed with braid.

Simplicity is the characteristic feature of this Lanvin gown. The skirt of white georgette is accordion pleated, hence the movements of the wearer are never handicapped and a slender silhouette is maintained. The blouse is embroidered with silver and has a vest

by Scaioni, Paris

Jenny cleverly introduces a touch of white in this tailleur with an ermine rosette, touches of which are seen on the bag. The suit is carried out in one of the new autumn wool fabrics and is trimmed with astrakhan. This fur likewise adorns the gloves. The waistline is emphasised with a narrow belt

THE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

CLEMENCE DANE on the BOOK SOCIETY'S SELECTIONS for the MONTH

THE Book Society list is, as usual, a varied one. The official Book of the Month is *The Forge*, by T. S. Stribling (Heinemann: 8*s.* 6*d.*). But there is also a German novel—a study of the psychology of two murderers; an unusually attractive and varied omnibus volume; a biography, *The Life of Mrs. Fawcett*, by Ray Strachey (Murray: 15*s.*); a wander-book called *Puppets in Yorkshire*, by Walter Wilkinson (Bles: 7*s.* 6*d.*); and a highly original chronicle called *The Drama of Money-Making*, by H. A. Meredith (Sampson Low: 8*s.* 6*d.*). This last, though its theme might easily tempt the author to be learned and dry, is a particularly fascinating volume, nothing less than a lightly and easily written history of the London Stock Exchange.

THE author, after preliminaries, begins his "drama" with a study of "the first wild orgy of speculation in Europe." This was not the famous South Sea Bubble, but a gamble known as the Tulip Mania. The story of it reads as thrillingly as any shocker. Tulips became, in the third decade of the seventeenth century, "famous and sought-after flowers," and instantly everybody began to gamble in bulbs. "A bulb bought for 20 florins could be sold for 225 florins." The boom became in due time so outrageous that special legislation had to be passed, and in the end thousands were ruined.

THE author passes on to the South Sea Bubble, to lotteries, to the industrial and mining boom of 1825, and so on through the centuries to the rubber boom; and gives us on the way portraits of various monarchs and impostors of finance—the Railway King, George Hudson; Baron Grant, remembered in the horrid rhyme:—

Kings bestow title,
Honour they can't;
Title without honour
Is a Baron Grant.

He ends with James White and Clarence Hatry.

I DON'T know when I have read a more intriguing book. How it will appear to people who "know about finance' I can't tell; but it is a gold mine to the novelist or to the reader who likes odd stories carrying the guarantee of having really happened.

THE German novel, *The Hero* (Secker: 7*s.* 6*d.*), is a strange, strained study of a man whose whole mentality has been upset by war experiences. He becomes a member of a revolutionary group bent on upsetting once more the existing order, this time the revolutionary order, and is chosen

T. S. STRIBLING

Whose new novel, "The Forge," is one of the Book Society's selections for the month. It is published by Messrs. Heinemann at 8s. 6d.

BOOKS MENTIONED

THE FORGE. By T. S. Stribling. (Heinemann: 8s. 6d.)
THE DRAMA OF MONEY-MAKING. By H. A. Meredith. (Sampson Low: 8s. 6d.)
THE HERO. (Secker: 7s. 6d.)
THE WEEK-END OMNIBUS. (Heinemann: 7s. 6d.)

to be the assassin of the Prime Minister. His comrades, who look upon him as an inspired leader, enthusiastically smooth his dangerous path to glory. He is to shoot from a car, and afterwards to be got away to Switzerland and safety. Hero that he is, he will not bungle or fail!

BUT the wretched Hoff is no conventional hero. Even before he murders he has an uncontrollable desire to confess the committed crime, and afterwards he does confess it to his double, David Hertz, called Hoffnung. Hertz guesses at his state of mind because he himself is in a like predicament. He, too, has committed a murder, and though he has been acquitted he is conscience-plagued. The scenes between the two murderers, with their mutual hesitations, confidences and confessions, are as gruesome as they are interesting. But far more horrible is the scene between the murderer and the widow of his victim. For the punishment of the murderer is this, that no one, not even she, will believe in his guilt. He is reckoned a poor, harmless madman, and he dies unbelieved and unshriven in a lunatic asylum, burdened with the sins of his double as well as with his own.

I CAN'T guess the reason for the writing of this harsh book, unless it be an attempt to show that a nation cannot defy its own laws without paying for it. If it puts an unfair burden on the individuals which comprise it, by forcing them to break the social rules, then such individuals become its own conscience, and prey upon it to the point of ruin. Some such conclusion one draws from this bitter, difficult, tormented story; but it may be that the tale is told merely because it seemed to the author a tale worth telling. And dreadful as it is, one agrees with the author that the tale was worth telling.

T. S. STRIBLING'S big new novel, though it, too, concerns war and its consequences, has not the awfulness of *The Hero*. It is frankly a romance; it deals pitifully and frankly with the injustices that led in part to the war between North and South in America, but distance has softened the outlines of the tragedy.

Mr. Stribling clearly knows well the country of which he writes, and has soaked himself in its history. The Vaiden plantation and its masters, its slaves and its neighbours, is a vivid piece of painting; the heroine is a pretty creature; while the overwhelming of the whole slave-civilisation by war is so described that one has for the remote catastrophe a sort of second-hand sympathy, as if one said, "Not our war but near enough for a fellow-feeling." *The Forge* is certainly Mr. Stribling's most ambitious book, and I think that it is his best.

BUT, perhaps, of all the month's list, *The Week-end Omnibus* (Heinemann: 7*s.* 6*d.*) will be the most welcome to the holiday goer. It will not attract the reader who never reads a book more than once; but for the reader who much prefers re-reading one old favourite than embarking on two new novels, the collection is unusually attractive. There is in the long list Lorna Rea's *Six Mrs. Greenes*; a Galsworthy, an Algernon Blackwood, an extract from C. S. Evans's whimsical gutter-boy's book, *Nash and Some Others*, a Somerset Maugham, a Priestley, and that jewel among modern comedies, Noel Coward's *Private Lives*.

IF the collection had included but one classic, Jane Austen for choice, it would have been perfect. But even lacking this, one must admit that with it in the suit-case one is taking away for the week-end not a book but a library.

BY FRANK SHERWIN

THE JUNK SHOP

"YOICKS! TALLY HO! AWAY

AY!"—A Fantasy by A. K. Macdonald

"Planning the New Expedition" by A. D. McCormick, R.I.
FROM THE PAINTING EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1928

PLAYER'S *Medium*
Navy Cut Cigarettes
50 tin 2/6
PLAYER'S *Medium*
Navy Cut Tobacco
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It's always a good plan to smoke

PLAYER'S

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

N.CC.39

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

SUITABLE MATCH

BY ETHEL MANNIN

Illustrated by VERNON WARD

When the Breedons parted company everyone said, "What a shame!" They were such a nice pair, and it wasn't as if either of them had gone off with anyone else. Everyone knew that they quarrelled a lot, of course, but what married couple didn't—especially when they had been married as long as Bill and Janet? What was it—about ten years, wasn't it? their friends asked each other. And really, when people had been married as long as that they might as well see it out. Their friends expected it of them. It really wasn't decent breaking up the home after all that time.

It was all Janet's fault. She had this absurd modern intolerance, always clamouring to get the best out of life—as though anyone could! As though the fact that a woman didn't love her husband any more was any excuse for leaving him! It would have been different—people said—had there been anyone else. But there wasn't. Janet went off and lived in a flat by herself, and Bill remained doggedly on in the charming house they had shared together. Everyone said that something must be done about Bill. Everyone was very kind. They asked him out to dinners and to parties and to theatres, and to go away for week-ends. And he never went. He had never liked going out, and he wasn't going to begin now, he said. People said, "Why not divorce Janet and marry again? There are thousands of women for whom there aren't enough men to go round." It wasn't, they argued, as though Bill weren't highly eligible in every way. He was good-looking, had a good income, and was at a man's most interesting age—thirty-five. Added to which he was intelligent and "nice"—everyone liked him. The men described him as "a very decent fellow," and the women as "charming; such nice manners, and so considerate. . . . Janet was a fool; she didn't know when she was well off." Bill listened to all this good advice, but did nothing whatever about it. He declared that he "couldn't be bothered," and "wasn't interested." In proof of this he didn't even take a secretary out to dinner. So then, of course, everyone said that he was still in love with Janet, and it really was such a frightful shame; a good man wasted. . . . But with anyone as stubborn and reserved as Bill what was to be done? For obviously *something* must be done. . . .

So people tried Janet. They said to her, "Why don't you introduce some of your unmarried women friends to Bill? It would be doing some girl and a lonely man a good turn."

Janet shrugged. "Bill is old enough to manage his own life. It would be impertinence on my part. Besides, it's not decent a woman trying to get her husband off with a girl-friend. There's what Browning calls "a decency required."

Everyone said "Nonsense! Having gone off for no particular reason and left Bill in the lurch, the most decent thing you can do is to find him someone else."

Janet persisted, "But Bill isn't women-mad. He's too shy. He doesn't like women easily. If it hadn't been for me shoving him over the brink into matrimony we never should have been married."

To which people retorted, in chorus, "Then you must shove him over the brink again. It's only fair."

Janet said that in her opinion it would be very much better for everyone concerned if people minded their own business. . . .

She might have known, of course, that that is the one thing most people are incapable of doing.

People said, "What about Patricia Dale! She's beautiful and twenty-eight, and its high time she got herself a husband. She would be just right for Bill."

It was true Patricia seemed to lack the capacity for falling in love, but probably she only wanted "rousing." . . . The more that people who knew both Bill and Patricia thought about it, the more suitable a match did it seem. But how to bring the two together? If Bill could be induced to go to parties it would be easy, but as he never went to parties, some kind of strategy must, therefore, be resorted to; where there was a will there was always a way, was there not? And in this case there was a great deal of will. . . .

Since both the beautiful Patricia and the austere Bill were both "business people," it should not be so difficult. Patricia was a saleswoman, very highly paid and efficient, head of her department, and chief buyer. Why should she not buy from Bill's firm—since Patricia's firm bought gowns and Bill's firm manufactured them. There was this Buy British movement afoot, too. Patricia should be induced to support it—via Bill. Instead of going to Paris at her firm's expense to buy foreign models, she should stay home and buy them from Bill, and support British industry, and brighten her own and Bill's life into the bargain, it was hoped. Someone should explain to Patricia the importance of buying British; the name of Bill's firm should be mentioned; a letter of introduction arranged. And as Patricia knew neither Bill nor Janet, nor anything about them, there was no likelihood of her suspecting other than a strictly business motive behind the introduction. . . .

Patricia had it carefully explained to her how criminal it was to buy goods abroad when there was a good British firm like Breedon and Breedon waiting to be supported. She was told that she must go and see the managing director, Mr. William Breedon, whom she would find charming to deal with, and whose integrity as a business man was above reproach.

So Patricia went along to see Mr. William Breedon, bearing the letter of introduction, and expecting to meet someone middle-aged and bald and portly and pompous. Instead of which she found someone young and good-looking in a clean-cut, magazine-cover kind of way, and charming in a shy manner which delighted her—for she was tired of conceited males who imagined that their sex-appeal matched her own.

Bill, in turn, thought this Miss Dale a very nice young woman, and he liked her because she was good-looking

(All rights strictly reserved.)

without being a "vamp"—and he had a horror of being vamped.

On the strength of this mutual admiration Mr. Breedon and Miss Dale had lunch together in a grill patronised by busy people who have no time to waste and like to talk contracts over lunch. When Bill found that Miss Dale neither smoked nor drank he was still more delighted—Janet had smoked incessantly and drunk cocktails in her bath. Bill liked Miss Dale's sedate manner, too—the one thing which bored other men regarding her. They called her "frigid." Bill called it "feminine modesty," and thought it charming. There had never been anything modest about Janet. Bill felt suddenly masterful—which he had never felt about any woman before. He had always been a little afraid of women; but he was not afraid of Miss Dale; her aloofness was the very thing to give him a reassurance he lacked in his dealings with women. . . .

So that altogether it was a very successful luncheon, and Mr. Breedon and Miss Dale contracted to do business together. This would mean that other meetings would be necessary. And both looked forward to that. . . . Amiable business relations were always so satisfactory, were they not?

Everyone said to Patricia, "Well, how did you get on with Bill Breedon? Did you like him?"

Patricia replied primly that she thought him charming, and was going to do business with his firm.

People said to Bill, "Well, how did you like the beautiful Miss Dale? Anything doing?" Which latter was an ambiguous question which he could answer how he chose.

Bill replied gravely that he thought her a very nice girl, and capable, and that he was hoping to put through "a good deal," . . . by which, of course, he meant a good deal of business.

Everyone thought it sounded most promising and awaited further developments.

Bill and Patricia had a few more business lunches together, and, talking earnestly of a textile trades exhibition which was on in town, decided that they might very well see it together. This would mean dining together, but there was nothing frivolous about their dining together on such an occasion; indeed, it might almost be regarded as a business appointment, might it not? But Bill's and Patricia's friends chuckled delightedly. . . .

The textile exhibition proved so tiring that it was quite natural that before going home Bill should suggest a little supper, and quite natural that after having talked textiles all the evening they should change the subject to books and theatres. What more natural than that those two tired business people should decide that they might take an evening off and "go gay" . . . there was a Russian drama on which Miss Dale thought might be worth while. She made it quite clear that she did not think revues and comedies, musical or otherwise, worth while.

But the mutual friends of Bill and Patricia did not care what play the two went to see so long as they went; from a textile exhibition to a Russian play . . . really everything was panning out extraordinarily well. In a couple of months at that rate Bill ought to be asking Janet for his "freedom." It was really splendid.

Bill found the Russian play "heavy going," but he liked being with Miss Dale; she was such a sensible girl. And as he didn't care much for the theatre, anyhow, it didn't much matter what kind of a play it was.

By the end of the month Mr. Breedon and Miss Dale had become Bill and Patricia, and had begun to tell each other about themselves. Bill told Patricia how his wife had left him for no particular reason, and she said that it was too bad. But people were extraordinarily selfish and heartless, didn't he find? Bill said that he did; he hadn't much time for the majority of people—that was why it was so nice to find someone sincere like Miss Patricia Dale. Patricia said that she felt the same, especially about men, and that was why it was so nice to meet someone like Bill. . . .

Then Patricia confided that she knew that most people thought her cold, because she was twenty-eight, and not engaged or married, but that it wasn't really so. Only she was "very selective." There *had* been someone. . . . Yes, she had loved him very much, and she would like to have been married to him.

"But it's just as well I never had the chance to marry him," she said, with her charming candour which Bill found so attractive. "It wouldn't have worked. He was utterly insincere. I'm glad I found out in time, though of course at the time it was dreadful."

Bill felt a great hatred of this unknown person. The man who would hurt a sweet woman like Patricia Dale could be

nothing but a bounder. A rank outsider. A cad. "What happened?" he asked gently.

Patricia told him, with that dry-eyed courage and quietness which was another thing Bill found to admire about her. She said, simply, "He went off with someone else. An awful looking creature—I found a picture of her in his wallet. One of those hard-faced creatures."

"I know," said Bill, thinking of Janet. He had never thought of her as hard before, it was true, but she seemed hard compared with the sweetness and softness that was Patricia.

"'It's a remarkably good picture of her,' Bill said, as Patricia crossed the room. Patricia gave one look and then cried 'Oh!'"

He was moved by Patricia's confidence to talk more about himself. He discovered that he had been much unhappier than he had ever thought with Janet.

"Such a hard name, Janet," said Patricia.

"Yes, isn't it? Awful!" Bill agreed. It surprised him that he had never thought of it like that before. Queer that he had once thought it rather an attractive name.

He discovered that the name of the young man who had treated Patricia so badly was Vernon, and with that he also discovered that he had always disliked the name of Vernon. After that he and Patricia talked a good deal about the wrong they had suffered through those two delinquents, Janet and Vernon. It was a bond; they luxuriated in each other's sympathy and understanding. They had so many things in common, they discovered. . . .

THEY neither of them liked cocktail parties and smart restaurants—Patricia, in fact, didn't care for restaurants at all, she declared. Perhaps some evening they might have a picnic meal at her flat? Bill thought it a perfectly splendid idea. Both were secretly thrilled with the thought of how daringly unconventional it was and that anyone who knew would put a wrong construction on it, but Patricia was such a sensible girl . . . and Bill was so nice. . . . Both felt very pleased with themselves when they parted at midnight on the night of that picnic meal with merely a handshake. It made them feel somehow superior to other people. Inevitably ninety-nine times out of a hundred if a man and a girl who liked each other had a picnic meal alone together like that they would have ended up by making love.

They decided that that sort of meal was much more fun than formal meals in restaurants, and Bill said that next time Patricia must come out to his house. He'd like her to see the garden, for one thing; there was a nice loggia where they could sit and have coffee and talk.

Patricia said she'd love to. So on a summer evening Bill called for Patricia at her office and drove her out. Patricia said how nice it was to get out of London—the air felt so different When she saw Bill's house she went into ecstasies. How could Janet have *borne* to leave such an adorable place? Oh, but it was too heavenly — really too heavenly. "Janet never appreciated it," Bill said—which wasn't quite true, for Janet had loved the house, and it was she who had made both it and the garden so attractive, and she had had many pangs about leaving it. . . . She might have left Bill long ago but for the house. . . .

BILL was delighted with Patricia's excitement over the house. He began to wonder how it would be if he got free from Janet and shared the house with Patricia . . . nice to have one's own wife about the place again, a woman's touch and all that. . . .

Patricia thought, "How *could* any woman leave such an adorable home —and such a lovely person as Bill? *I* wouldn't!" And she, too, saw herself taking Janet's place in that house. She must have been a hateful cat, that Janet; she wondered what she was like. All she knew of her from Bill was that she was "hard-looking," and very smart and slender and boyish. Patricia, who had womanly curves and had never cut her hair, hated that sort of thing. . . .

"I'd like to see a picture of Janet," she said, as Bill was showing her over the house. "Have you a good one?"

Bill said that he had, downstairs in the drawing-room. He had never altered anything since Janet had left. Her photograph still stood there framed on the piano. Patricia thought it sweet of him; another man would have torn the photograph up and destroyed every trace of the selfish creature. . . . It just showed how generous and simple Bill

(Continued on page 462)

A Young Tory Speaks His Thoughts

Viscount Lymington, M.P. for Basingstoke, is one of a band of young Tories who thinks for himself and fails to find—like many others—the floor of the House of Commons a sufficiently good platform for the voicing of his views.

As little or no interest is taken in the country on the debates in the House unless there is an "incident" or something in which the personal element crops up, he has been well advised to declare the faith that is in him in book form.

This book is entitled "Ich Dien: the Tory Path," and is published by Constables at 4s. 6d. That he not only has his own ideas upon the serious ills of our time, but also a remedy to prescribe, can be seen by perusal of the following extracts from his book.

VISCOUNT LYMINGTON, M.P.

The eldest son of the eighth Earl of Portsmouth, excerpts from whose book, "Ich Dien," will be found on this page. He has another volume to his credit in "Git le Cœur," which was published in 1928

What is Toryism?

"TORYISM is often gibed at as a relic of feudalism. It is. So is Merry England. Is it impossible for us to use what remains for the re-making of England?

What is Liberalism?

"Liberalism taught that you could serve yourself for profit and devil take the hindmost. Radical Socialism taught the remedy. State compulsion to make individuals behave, State doles for the victims of individualism.

What is Socialism?

"The Socialist aim . . . is the palliation of the evils of Liberalism by bureaucracy. It has long been a Radical doctrinaire failing to regard the rights of men as something greater than the purpose of Englishmen. . . . The Tory believes in the 'Samurai' leading, the Socialist in the State inspector driving. . . .

The Necessity for Reform

"There must be some reform from Democracy. All men are not equal. They are different. But they can only be useful to our national life according to their health, their instincts, and the services they perform . . . the machinery to assure continuity must be our first care.

The Democrat's Dilemma

"Its leaders (those of Democracy) have had to forgo the art of governing in order to cadge the suffrage and affect the bonhomie of the multitude. Their time is occupied with the crowd, not directing the march.

That Flapper Vote

"The equality of the sexes in occupation is the greatest danger our race has to face to-day.

Education

"The Tory purpose is not to develop a whole nation of exceptional children, which would result in eunuchs' minds in eunuchs' bodies, but to give the exceptional child and the average child, in their respective ways, the fullest opportunity to earn their living by serving the nation to the best of their ability.

"The teachers . . . should be leaders of English tradition.

Protection v. Free Trade

"With Protection only can we live our national life. . . . It is better to fight for markets in the manner of our ancestors than to dump for them in the manner of the Soviets; the one could produce a race of heroes, the other does produce a race of slaves.

Finance

"The banks should (greatly daring) forsake the well-worn paths of dead service to become pioneers in aid of new production.

India

"Whatever comes of it, there must be the recognition that India will deserve all the fullness of her own life we can give her. Yet she must fulfil her obligations to the Crown. She should forsake Eurasian paths for the development of an Indian civilisation that does not plagiarise our politics. While we encourage our own nationality for ourselves, those over whom we rule should keep their culture. There is the cur in half-bred nations as there is in half-bred persons. But as India is an unfinished obligation of our own creation, and as she is many nations and very defenceless, she must not secede, nor may we evacuate her even should it profit us.

Reform of the House of Lords

"The House of Lords should be formed to represent the life of the realm.

"The hereditary principle, for at least a part of the body, must be there to ensure continuity. It is still not too late to harness the best of the hereditary system to the service of the State. Give it responsibility and it will respond.

"The Church . . . should share its representation with those great bodies of religion whose leaders will take the oath to the Crown.

"The soldiers and sailors and airmen should have their members . . . the great Civil Services should be represented. . . . The lawyers are well represented and need little addition to their number in the House. . . . The medical profession should have equal representation, say, with the lawyers, and those responsible for education should send their members. . . . Twenty or so of the best of the nation's financiers should be members. . . . As the employers are represented so must the men be, but in numbers double that of the employers.

"Through all the selection of temporary members of the House of Lords a double principle should run: the representation of the best of every part of national life and continuity of representation. And of this the farmer and land worker should have their full share.

"A House of Lords, so constituted, should have the ability, and, therefore, be given the full power not only to correct the follies of the universal franchise but to initiate the best kind of legislation.

Summing Up

"The Big Battalions, the majorities, have won for a while. But the English are waiting to respond if only our leaders be willing to sacrifice their ease of mind and ease of way, and, if need be, the whole that they possess to the imperial service of the Crown."

H. W. Nicholls

BEAUTIFUL BRITAIN

"Here through the strong and shadeless days the tinkling silence thrills." A lovely corner of old Sussex looking from Winchelsea, which has recently suffered severely from the vagaries of our English summer, across the meadows to Fairlight and Hastings, with the sheep cropping the "close-bit thyme that smells like dawn in Paradise"

RISING STARS of the FILM FIRMAMENT

The "Big Five" of the Future

Below : Myrna Loy, who has become one of the most vampish of film vamps, scored a recent success in "A Yankee at King Arthur's Court." She will shortly be seen in her first "sympathetic" part, that of the banker's wife in "Transatlantic"

Sally O'Neil, the twenty-one-year old girl, whose black hair and dark blue eyes help to make her the perfect Irish type. Her first picture was "Mike," and she will soon be seen in London in "The Brat" and "Sob Sister"

Greta Nissen, the blonde Norwegian girl, is another of the Young Brigade to come to the fore. She is the star in "Women of All Nations," to be seen at the Regal

Una Merkel, the fascinating young girl of German parentage, who was given her first big chance by D. W. Griffiths. He cast her for Ann Routledge in his production of "Abraham Lincoln"

Vanda Greville, the English star of the French screen who had such a success in "Le Million," will shortly be seen in her first British talkie, "A Gentleman of Paris." She is an accomplished linguist, speaking French, German and Danish

"Carnival" Screened

Jennie Pearl (Ann Casson) and Maurice Avery (Carl Harbord) with some of Jennie's friends from the ballet at her birthday party celebrations in the artist's studio. The production of the talkie version of this charming romance of Compton Mackenzie is in the hands of Anthony Asquith

The immortal lovers, Maurice Avery (Carl Harbord) and Jennie Pearl (Ann Casson), in a scene from "Carnival," now nearing completion at Welwyn Ann Casson is the clever young daughter of Lewis Casson and Sybil Thorndike

WIZARDS of LONDON'S DANCE ORCHESTRAS

NO European capital can surpass London in the excellence of its dance orchestras and nowadays the leader of a really first-class band commands — and earns — a princely salary. Gone forever are the days when any sort of orchestra was good enough to be engaged by the leading hotels and restaurants, and nowadays the managements of such places spend as much care in choosing the right man to be in charge of their music as they do in the selection of a chef or *maitre d'hotel*. Five outstanding figures in the world of dance music are seen on this page

JACK PAYNE

Needs no introduction to the vast army of listeners-in who delight in the dance tunes broadcast regularly by his B.B.C. Orchestra

AMBROSE

Under whose leadership the dance orchestra at the May Fair Hotel has achieved international popularity

MAURICE WINNICK

The clever leader of the Piccadilly Hotel Dance Orchestra. One of the most talented of our modern exponents of popular music, he is himself a violinist of no mean order and delights the dancers with his solos

ROY FOX

One of our leading British orchestra leaders. He and his really excellent band of musicians are now to be found at the Monseigneur, in Piccadilly Circus, where they are immensely popular

MELVILLE GIDEON

A leading light of the now defunct Co-Optimists, he needs no introduction as a pianist and composer. His Dorchester Hotel Dance Orchestra is not unnaturally one of the best in London

HAMBURG: CITY OF LIGHT

By
CHARLES GRAVES

HAVING seen Berlin's night life so thoroughly, I could hardly believe that any other city could be as purple. But Hamburg is even more so. In one street, known as the Reeperbahn, there are ninety dance clubs, restaurants, cabarets and the like. There are forty more in a side street, the name of which, translated into English, is Great Freedom, and how!

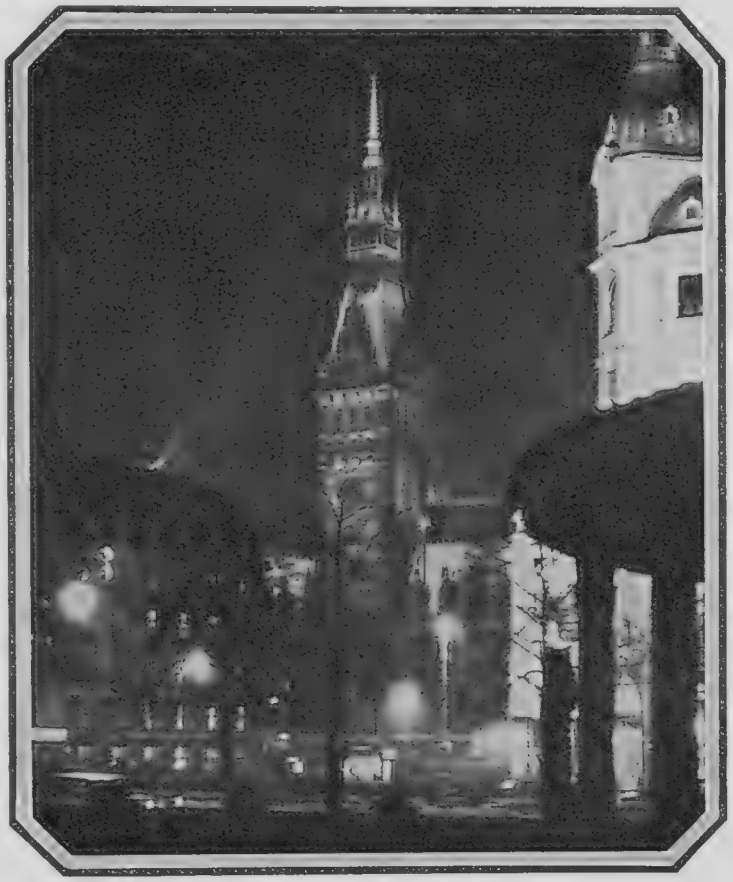
IT so happened that my neighbour in the luncheon-car between Berlin and Hamburg was Herr Franz Hormann. Franz served in the German army from August 4, 1914, to September, 1917, when he was captured at Arras by a platoon of the Durham Light Infantry.

HE became a consulting engineer after the War, and was responsible for all the electric light signs in the Reeperbahn, and, in order to keep in touch with possible clients, made a habit of calling in at most of the "joints" at least once a week. It would have been impossible to get a better guide. Once again I was in luck, for his wife was away, and he was at a loose end.

THAT evening, after dinner at the Atlantic Hotel, which, with the Four Seasons of the Year Hotel, is the best in Hamburg, we set out for Reeperbahn. Accompanying us were two of the English team of golfers who were taking part in the German championship at Hamburg. One was Mrs. Mellor (the former Audrey Croft), the other was Miss Dix Perkin, and both won their matches easily next day.

LED by Franz, who, as a student, got 21 duelling scars, only two of which still show, we drove in a taxi to the top of Reeperbahn, and then walked to the Alcazar, about halfway down on the right. We had noticed from our taxi that the cathedral and two of the churches were illuminated, most effectively, with flood-lighting. But, despite this and all that I had heard of the gaiety ahead of us, the Reeperbahn itself was absolutely overwhelming in its appearance. Cinemas, opera house, taverns, night clubs, cafés, all were flood-lighted. Franz explained how the façades were all specially built to make the concealed electric illuminations look as though they were part of the architecture. There are no naked electric bulbs visible. The lighting all comes from behind the roofs or the pillars or the lintels. Blue and white, red and green, yellow and blue, combine to make an astounding mosaic of gaudy colouring, mostly lozenge shaped. Franz has certainly done Hamburg proud. By the same token I would like to have shares in the electric light company of Hamburg. £450 a year is the average cost of the electricity of each of these places. Multiply that by the ninety in Reeperbahn and the forty in Great Freedom, add all the bills of the private houses to the cost of flood-lighting the churches and other public buildings, and a nice sum of money is reached. Hamburg, and no other, is the City of Light!

BUT let us enter Alcazar, the most famous of all the gay spots in Hamburg. After leaving hats and coats—for it is going to be warm—you enter a huge oblong hall that looks like a cross between the Holborn Empire and the New Gallery Cinema. At the far end is a stage on which a comedian is doing tricks with newspapers. In the middle is a dance-floor surrounded by tables and chairs, above these are three tiers, also crowded with tables and chairs, running the whole length of the hall. Overhead is a vast crystal globe full of water. When the comedian has finished his act, blue and red spotlights are directed at the globe, with the result that hundreds and thousands of red and blue spots flicker, in reflection, all over the hall. The dance music starts up, and you take the floor. After ten minutes the music stops, and two more or less naked girls give an acrobatic display. Then there is dancing again, and so it goes on. The decorations of Alcazar are gold and white; there is no entrance fee. Instead, you order either lager or wine for your party, and this is all you must contribute as your share of the cost of the entertainment. I bought, for example, an excellent bottle of hock for ten marks, which, with four people, worked out at 2s. 6d. a head.



A HAMBURG NOCTURNE

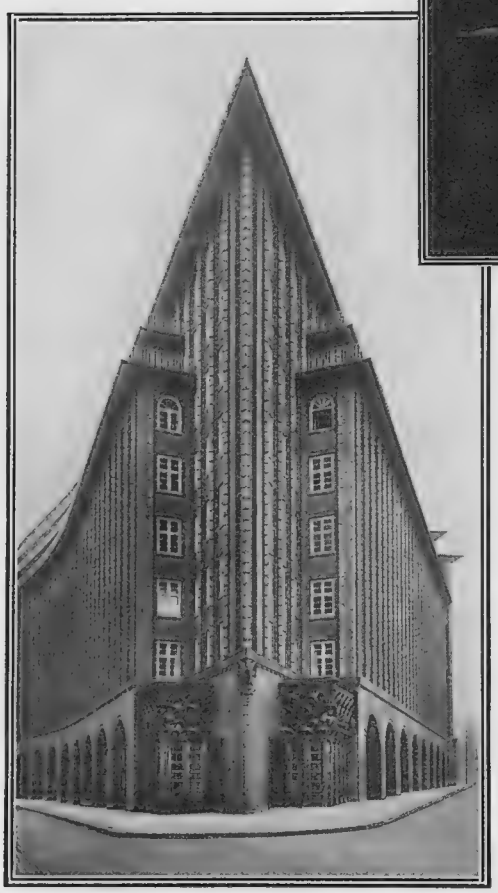
The Town Hall in Hamburg, with its elaborate and artistic flood-lighting, presents a striking picture after night has fallen on the old city

FROM Alcazar we went to Trichter. This is another music-hall-cum-dance place. Its flood-lighting is the most spectacular in Hamburg, with a huge tulip-shaped dome on the top of a tall tower all illuminated from within. After walking down a long, broad carpeted corridor here you enter a vast octagonal room like a miniature Albert Hall. One side is taken up by the stage. Two other sides are taken up by the two bands, one of which is a tango combination. Overhead there is a red, green and yellow vaulted roof, at the peak of which is a trapeze. All round the octagonal dance floor are tables and chairs and loges. Here, too, dancing alternates with music-hall acts.

FROM Trichter's we went on to Prater's. Prater's is like the Trocadero in size, but festooned with hanging ropes of creepers. It so happened that we were seeing everything at its gayest, for we were there on Constitution night, another piece of luck for me. On one side of the place was a Bavarian band in green shorts, white shirts, and white stockings and green braces. The leader must have weighed 20 stone—a most cheerful chap with a badger's tail in his hat.

WHENEVER he grew thirsty, which was once every twenty minutes, he would lead his orchestra off the platform into the room, where they would play until somebody got up, took his badger's tail hat, and conducted the orchestra for him. The price of this is a drink of beer all round to the orchestra and a double one for the leader. The cost is about sixteen marks, but is easily worth it if you are in good spirits—as you always are in Prater's. After two volunteers had bought drinks the leader (who usually consumes twenty an evening, but never shows any signs of it except in geniality) struck up a drinking tune. At this everybody in the place got up on his chair and held hands—à la "Auld Lang Syne." The music grew faster and faster, and then we all had to stand on the tables and sing the chorus. I may be a simple soul, but I cannot tell you what good fun it all was. There was no rowdiness, no spilling of drinks, and no drunkenness.

A bird's-eye view of part of the city of Hamburg showing amount of shipping



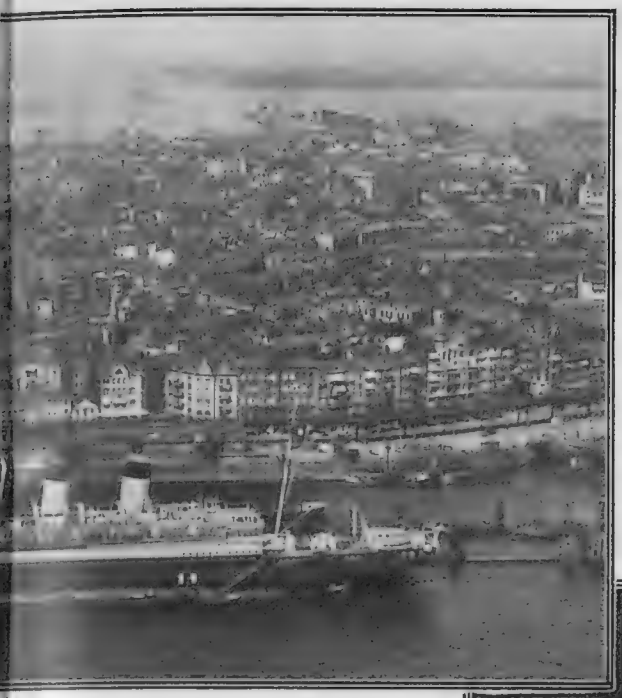
HAMBURG OLD AND NEW

A quaint old waterway running between high houses. In the background is the church of St. Nicholas. On the left is seen Chile House, typical of the new architecture in Germany

ZILLERTAL was the next place to which Franz directed us. It is larger and gayer even than Prater's. Decorated in blue and white, it holds about a thousand people. The band was so cheerful that the individual players blew and twanged at each other. It sounds like an orgy. It was—but only of music. Blue and white streamers hung from the balconies. Baby antlers were nailed to the walls, the waitresses wore blue and white check dresses. One of them came round offering glasses of Enzlan. It is a liqueur made from the roots of Alpine flowers—very strong and very good. Another came round with dozens of red and blue dolls attached to what looked like a shrimping net. Still another came round with a wooden platter containing, so it seemed, white paper flowers. Actually, they were slices of white horseradish—about three inches in diameter—cut in a fancy way and dusted with pepper. As can be guessed, they give one the world's most magnificent thirst. No wonder the management sells three thousand pints of Bavarian Zillertal lager every night. I should have thought it would have been much more.

FRANZ now decided to change the type of the evening's entertainment. We went past Bill-Bran and Cap Horn and Lilliputt, and twenty other joints to Becker's Hippodrome in Great Freedom Street. Descending an oak staircase we came to a big room with an arena in the centre. It was now well past midnight, but two sailors and a girl were riding horses at a trot. Nine other horses were waiting patiently for clients. A ride costs 2½*d*. at Becker's, and it is open all night. The orchestra plays; the waiter brings drinks; the ring-master cracks his whip to make the horses go faster; the sailors nearly fall off, and it is all very amusing. Franz told us that the horses are very fond of a drink of beer. Well, night life seems to agree with them. They are at least as good as the average hack in Rotten Row.

IN Reeperbahn there is another hippodrome which we visited and where the rides cost 3*d*. Otherwise it was much the same, with bright lights, dancing and music. Before we got to



the busy docks, which have to deal with a vast every year

the second Hippodrome, however, we visited a number of other joints. There was Wonderland with its gipsy orchestra and a great grey Buddha with red illuminated eyes. There was Eldorado, nothing like the Berlin one, which was chiefly noticeable for the pink and yellow balloons attached to the hock bottles. There was Apollo with a small red and white ring where boxing alternates with dancing. There was Rote Mulle, a would-be imitation of the Moulin Rouge in Paris, painted red, and full of pretty girls. Red seems to be the most popular colour in Hamburg's night life. Binger Loch and Regina were positively scarlet. Regina had a huge silver crocodile as an extra attraction. Elbschlosse and Nemchina were two others we visited in the remarkable Great Freedom Street.

S

We then went back to Reeperbahn and visited Hamburg's latest smart dance-restaurant. This is Rheinterrasse. It contains a large panorama of mountain scenery with blue clouds moving across it continually, otherwise its decorations are pink and white.

S

Our final port of call that evening was Heinz's Café, otherwise known as the Casino. There is no gambling here. It is a big oval building with concealed lighting which comes from the ceiling, and also from the glass dance-floor. On the balcony there is a dance-floor of silver, while the roof is bronze-coloured, with the exception of the Boccaccio, which I visited the following evening. I think that the Casino has the best orchestra in Hamburg.

S

I have dealt with the night life of Hamburg first because it is certainly its outstanding feature. The city is a fine, well-built place on the Elbe. There is another river, the Alster, which has been banked up so as to make two large decorative lakes on which you can go out in anything from a canoe to a small steamer. Boulevards and trams, the Rathaus and Ferdinand Strasse, Newe Wall and the main square are the chief impressions that Hamburg leaves behind.

S

If you have time, though, you must certainly take an omnibus and go out to the Hagenbeck Zoo. It is about twenty minutes away, and until Whipsnade was open to the public formed one of the chief wonders of Europe. All kinds of wild animals are to be seen roaming around—almost at large. At Whipsnade there is even greater freedom, perhaps. But it is a moot point, and there will always be a thrill for most people suddenly to see tropical animals padding about with an almost frightening lack of restraint.

S

For sporting people there are all kinds of ways of enjoying oneself. They held the German lawn tennis championships there this year, they also held the German golf championship. They have two courses, the newest being by far the best and one of the very finest on the Continent. Like the Spa course it reminds me of Sunningdale. Over 6,000 yards long it was actually laid out by the same architect who laid out Sunningdale. It is a very stiff test of golf with the best greens, outside Le Touquet, that I can recall on the Continent. The club-house is a white and chocolate-coloured place, with a very good barman and an excellent chef.

C. G.

A corner of a children's playground in Hamburg. The fountain, carved in the shape of some strange animal, lends a distinctly "modern" note to the picture

HAMBURG AFTER DARK

The interior of one of the city's vast number of cabarets Night life in Hamburg is conspicuous by its presence, as the accompanying article proves

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

Mrs. W. Somerset Maugham, the wife of the famous novelist and playwright, and her daughter at Cannes. The Maughams are very well known on the Riviera and have a villa at Cap Ferrat. The first two volumes of Mr. Maugham's collected plays have been published by Heinemann at 5s. a volume

BLOOD AND OIL

AN EPIC OF THE WILDS. BY "JUNIUS"

WHEN you have finished *Blood and Oil in the Orient* (Nash and Grayson: 18*s.*), by Essad Bey, you feel you have been through the combination of a nightmare and a modern version of the *Arabian Nights*. His father was an owner of oil-wells at Baku before the oilfields were taken over by companies. Nothing in fiction could be more fantastic than the lives and surroundings of these early oil magnates, who were so rich that they literally did not know what to do with their money. One of them built himself a palace with its outer walls faced with solid gold; another a palace the exact counterpart of a mythological dragon, the entrance being through its mouth. The richer magnates were surrounded by a bodyguard armed to the teeth; the less wealthy employed the services of a band of men called Kotschis, with whom killing was no murder.

THE oilfields on the Caspian Sea have "a special conception of justice," says Essad Bey, and this is an example of that conception. One day when Essad Bey was a boy, his father received a letter saying that unless he paid a large sum of money the writer would kill his son. "If the man comes to-morrow," said Essad Bey, "take a revolver and shoot him down, otherwise I will do it myself." The father wanted the man to be killed by a servant. The son argued that this would be murder; that if he himself killed the man it would be self-defence. "We debated for a while, then my father agreed, and instructed me the whole morning in the art of shooting, for it was to be my first murder."

AT that time the oil city had only one newspaper, *The Workman of Baku*, which was edited by the son of a Tiflis shoemaker, a former divinity student who had recently escaped from Siberia. "He had a low forehead, a crooked nose, and small, evil eyes, which had seen much murder and much blood. He was Joseph Dzshugaschvili, the famous terrorist who now calls himself Stalin."

IT is an astonishing world of which Essad Bey writes, close on the confines of Europe. He tells of two horrible massacres; of revolting cruelties; of Arab doctors who can change the colour of people's eyes; of the coming of the German troops during the War; and of the coming of the English troops after the Armistice. One charge he makes against the English calls for refutation or explanation. He says that several of the young English officers married Christian girls, and that when our troops left, these wives were left behind by the uncoupling of the two last coaches of the troop train in which they were travelling. No better title could have been found for this amazing book, which fascinates your interest whilst it makes you shudder.

BY the merest chance I read *Folly's Coombe* (Hutchinson: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Joscelyn Foxcroft, and *Some Women Shouldn't Marry* (Nash and Grayson: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by D. M. Locke, one after the other. Both have the same central theme—a man in love with a woman and the woman not in love with the man. Beyond that there is no resemblance. Mr. Foxcroft's setting, after a vivid presentment of the Western Front, is the coombes and woods of South Devon. Mrs. Locke's people have their being in the social world of London.

MR. FOXCROFT'S hero, Richard Forsyth, falls in love with Ursula Barrett, who "expressed modernity by excessive smoking, outdoor amusement, West End entertainment, and a disregard for the sensibilities of others." They became engaged, but she jilts him. Forsyth retires to Devonshire, where he rebuilds a ruined house he has inherited. During his labours he arrives at a just estimate of Ursula's character, and eventually falls in love with another girl, despite a determined effort on Ursula's part to get him back—for his money.

MRS. LOCKE'S hero, Adrian Rowen, successful barrister, falls in love with a girl of surpassing beauty, Naomi Atterly. They marry, but Naomi insists on being a wife in name only. Rowen puts up with the situation for several years. Then his wife commits suicide from an aeroplane because she is going to have a child by a lover, and Rowan finds consolation with his secretary.

TAKING the root theme of the two books, I think that, psychologically, Mr. Foxcroft is right and Mrs. Locke is wrong, although from the fiction point of view I dare say there are many readers to whom the strong, silent man bearing his marital cross without murmur or complaint will have its appeal. Yet I doubt if such things happen in real life.

ESSAD BEY

Whose striking book, "Blood and Oil in the Orient," is reviewed on this page. It is published by Messrs. Eveleigh Nash and Grayson at 18s.

MR. FOXCROFT has enchained the beauties and charm of South Devonshire. Apart from the reality of its characterisation, the book is worth reading for his descriptions of that happy land. He is to be congratulated on his second novel. But was so much violence necessary—two murders and two suicides, neither of which is really germane to the story? Nor is the violent end of Ursula, killed by the fall of an elm tree, necessary. However, it seems to be the modern fashion in novels that all ladies who slip from the path of virtue should perish by murder, suicide, or the act of God.

MR. DOUGLAS SLADEN has achieved a *tour de force* in *The Greek Slave* (Werner Laurie: 7*s.* 6*d.*). He

(Continued on page 462)

SOME OF THE BLOOMS IN "FLORODORA"

The revival of "Florodora" at Daly's brought back George Graves to the stage after a long absence. He is seen above as Professor Tweedlepunch, phrenologist, surrounded by the sextette who make of "Tell Me, Pretty Maiden" the most popular number, as it was in 1899

In addition to humour, there must, of course, be a hero and heroine in even the oldest musical comedy, and here they are. Geoffrey Davies as Frank Abercoed and Violet Code, the Dolores

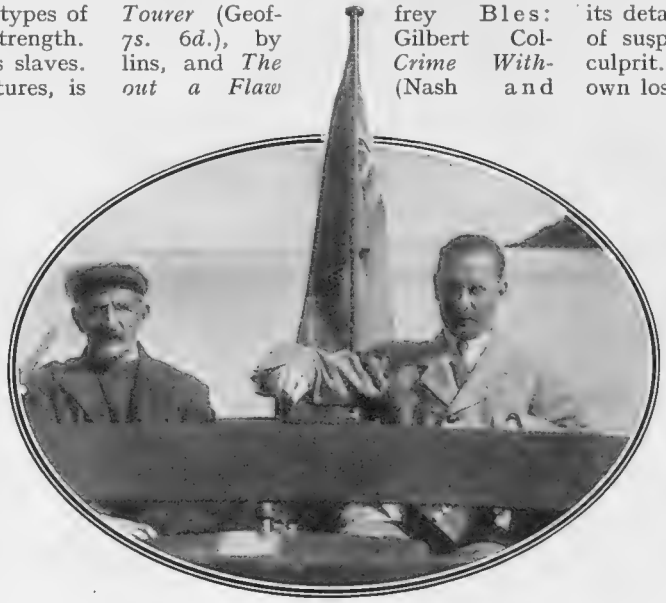
Other characters, seen above, are Lorna Hubbard as Angela, Dudley Rolph as Captain Dorrigal, and Dorothy Ward the Lady Holyrood, who makes witty remarks upon the slightest provocation, and even when not provoked

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (*continued from page 460*)

has breathed life into the forgotten bones of the world which Alexander the Great set out to conquer, and with a profound knowledge of that far-away history has recreated the famous and powerful Greek colony at Syracuse and the luxurious cities of Asia Minor, peopling them with living men and women. His heroine, Arethusa, and his hero, Archias, are the prototypes of perfect Greek beauty and strength. They marry. Both are sold as slaves. The lady, after racking adventures, is taken to the Court of Darius, King of Persia, from whom she is captured by Alexander and restored to her husband after she had refused to be his Queen. The siege of Tyre by Alexander and his famous victory over Darius are admirably and vigorously described. But one wishes Mr. Sladen had given a brief account of the events in Syracuse which led to his introduction. It would have been helpful to those who know nothing of that portion of Greek history, enabling them to know the whys and wherefores of the situation from which he starts his story.

I COMMEND to you, and most warmly, *The Sixth Journey* (Mills and Boon: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Alice Grant Rosman. It is human, tender, and profoundly understanding, setting out the clash between the old, cruel attitude of "good" women towards the illegitimate child, and the attitude of their modern sisters. Hilary Revel, who takes John Falconer's illegitimate daughter, Judith, into their home after their marriage, is a finely-conceived character.

THE trouble about detective stories is that you cannot give any indication of perhaps a brilliant solution of a mystery without spoiling the author's effect. This applies to two clever stories of the kind. *The Phantom Tourer* (Geoffrey Bles: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Gilbert Collins, and *The Crime Without a Flaw* (Nash and Grayson: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Leslie Despard. Both books hold your interest, but by different methods.



JOCELYN FOXCROFT

The author of "Folly's Coombe" (Hutchinson: 7s. 6d.) reviewed on page 460. He is seen with one of the crew in his motor launch off the Start Lighthouse

A PHANTOM motor car—surely an entirely new conception in phantoms—plays a considerable part in the murder of Professor Willoughby in *The Phantom Tourer*. Mr. Collins is a master of ingenuity, with the result that the murderer turns out to be the very last person you have suspected. In *The Crime Without a Flaw*, Mr. Despard tells us of an amazingly clever murder, so cleverly thought out in all its details and effects, that not a shred of suspicion attaches to the actual culprit. He is only discovered by his own loss of nerve. "His crime was as near perfect as has ever been invented," said Inspector Brock, sent down to Devonshire from Scotland Yard to make enquiries into the murder of Mrs. Briton, "but he found out a bit too late that he was made of flesh and blood." Mr. Despard has discovered a new line in detective fiction.

MR. VARDIS FISHER'S first book, *Toilers of the Hills*, brought him many admirers. His second book, *Dark Bridwell* (Gollancz: 7*s.* 6*d.*), will bring him more. There is something compelling in the author's descriptions of the Snake River in Idaho, and the hand-to-mouth existence of Charley Bridwell, his wife and family, in the hut above its ever-foaming waters. The man is a brute with a streak of angel. There is the inevitableness of a Greek tragedy in the ending of the story, which one may justly call an epic of the wilds.

"JUNIUS."

SUITABLE MATCH (*continued from page 451*)

was. She wanted more than ever to see that woman's picture.

When she had admired the drawing-room she crossed to the piano and looked at the photograph which stood there in a silver frame.

"It's a remarkably good picture of her," Bill said, as Patricia crossed the room. Patricia gave one look and then cried, "Oh!"

Bill said, startled, "What's up! D'you know her?"

Patricia said, "It's the woman Vernon was so mad about! The woman who came between us!"

Bill was very upset. "You must be crazy!" he said. "Janet would never have had anything to do with that awful little weed of a Vernon!"

That was Patricia's cue to be upset.

"He wasn't a weed!" she stormed. "He was beautiful—and I loved him! And your hateful Janet took him away from me!"

Bill stormed back, "Janet was a damn smart woman, and she wouldn t go around with a bounder like that! It's an insult to suggest it, a downright insult!"

Patricia, declaring that Bill was wicked and cruel and hateful, swept out of the house.

Bill, livid with rage, sat down and telephoned Janet. He felt that he would go mad if she weren't in. But six-thirty was a good time to catch her; she would be dressing to go out. And Janet was in—in fact, she got out of her bath in order to come and talk to him.

Bill said, furiously, "Look here, Janet, what's all this about you and a fellow called Vernon?"

He heard Janet's gay laugh. Vernon? Do I know a Vernon? Let me see. Oh, yes, I did know a Vernon once. About the time you and I parted company. An awful little ass. He'd been engaged to a long-haired blonde, all curves and common-sense—a buyer at some dowdy dress establishment or other. What about him?"

"I want to get in touch with him. Where is he?"

Janet's gay voice came back, "The last I heard of him he had run off with the same sort of thing. I don't see him any more. I got tired of his ridiculous love affairs. He used to say he liked me because I was so intellectual. He said he loved my mind." Bill heard her laugh, "A ridiculous creature. You'd loathe him."

Bill said, "I'm sure I should. That's all I wanted to know. Thanks. Good-bye." He rang off, infinitely relieved. Trust a sensible girl like Janet not to be taken in by a bounder like that. She'd got brains, had Janet, whatever else might be said about her.

Nobody could understand why Bill and Patricia never made a match of it. They seemed so suited to each other in every way—particularly when it was discovered that the reason why young Vernon Gayner gave up Patricia was because of Janet Breedon. You would have thought that would have been in itself enough to bring Bill and Patricia together, they said.

But would you believe it, it was the very thing that separated them! Bill and Patricia don't speak now—and Patricia has stopped supporting British industry and goes to Paris to buy for her firm.

After all she told him about Vernon, Bill will never forgive Patricia for believing that Janet could ever have been interested in such a rank outsider. Similarly, after all he told her about Janet, Patricia will never forgive Bill for suggesting that she was too good for Vernon. . . .

And Bill and Janet are expected to come together again, for both have been heard to observe to their mutual friends that 'the more you have seen of the others, the more you cleave to the one."

E. M.

SHOOTING NOTES

A photograph taken during the shoot given by Lord Illingworth on Heathfield Moor, Pateley Bridge, near Harrogate. The host is seen relieving one of his retrievers of the spoils

Good Heads and Heavy Haunches — By "Clodhopper"

BEFORE the appearance of these notes in print, many a good red stag of the Highland glens and corries will have been accounted for. Within the last three weeks or so I have received from deer-stalkers and other people on the spot well qualified to judge, essentially encouraging reports in regard to heads, weights and deer-stalking prospects generally.

IN the course of an article on the grouse-shooting outlook which appeared in THE BYSTANDER on the Twelfth, I mentioned that, although tenants had been found for most of the big deer forests, a number of the less important ones would, if not previously let, be shot over at so much per stag. Since then a good many of the latter have been let, though reduced rentals will have been accepted in some cases, no doubt, by proprietors. All the same, it is perfectly obvious that the decidedly pessimistic and depressing forecasts to the effect that the present year of grace will prove to be one of the very worst for both deer and grouse on record, were—as is only too often the case—unreliable and misleading.

ALTHOUGH no hard and fast date appears in the shooting calendar to mark the opening day of deer-stalking, on or about August 20 is the date upon which the older and earlier stags should be clear of velvet and quite ready for the larder. In the majority of forests, and more particularly those in which partial hand-feeding is practised, the herds of red deer wintered well enough. There has been a bountiful supply of grass throughout the spring and summer to put the deer into good condition, and I understand that, judging by the colour of their coats, well-rounded haunches, and heavy weights, handsome trophies will be secured in the forests of Inverness, Ross, Sutherlandshire, Caithness, and other well-favoured Highland districts.

IN my experience, expert—I use the adjective advisedly—reports from the deer-forests are invariably more reliable than those of the grouse moors. Deer, unlike grouse, cannot easily escape the notice of a keen-eyed, experienced, and observant professional stalker or keeper, and, judging by recent correspondence received from such past masters in the art of woodcraft, the northern glens and corries are uncommonly well populated with good stags at the present time. Briefly, sport with the rifle in the Highland forests promises to be even better than that which is being enjoyed with the "twelve-bore" on the lower-lying heather-clad moorlands.

AMONGST other noted forests that are likely to yield their full quota of good heads and heavy-weights again this season are: Strathconan, in which Capt. Christian Combe and his daughter have killed such splendid stags in former years; Brawlen, leased by Sir John Dewrance; Major Stirling's wildly beautiful corries on the shores of Loch Monar, and those of Mr. Wills at Killian. I hear that the prospects in the Duke of Sutherland's forests of Dunrobin are very bright, while farther north, on the Duke of Portland's magnificent preserves at Langwell, stags, in regard to both head and weight, are especially fine.

EDWARD ORMISTON, one of the best known of Highland deer stalkers, passed away at Kingussie, at the ripe old age of eighty, a few days ago. For some forty years Ormiston was head keeper on Sir George Macpherson Grant's 27,000-acre forest of Gaick, in Badenoch, which, in former years, when leased by the Hargreaves, yielded many record heads, including a ten-pointer with inside measurement of 34½ inches. It was, I believe, as far back as 1913 that I had my last chat with the famous old stalker about the reintroduction of capercalzie to the Scottish pine forests. I well remember him, however, as having been one of the most interesting men I ever met—a man whose love and knowledge of the fauna and flora of his native forests, moorlands, and hills was passing deep.

DESPITE the advent of the ubiquitous motor coach, with its parties of trippers, the improvement of many roads, and the other efforts of local authorities to attract the tripper to the Highlands, it is still possible, thank goodness, to get away from such signs of popularisation, and find places and people on whom such things have left no mark. The Highlands still produce men of the stamp of Edward Ormiston, men who are masters of their craft and who ask nothing better than to live and grow old in the mountains and forests they have known from birth. Your true Highlander is still one of the most conservative of beings, and long may he remain so.

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

AN ALTERNATIVE FOR PARTRIDGES

ALTHOUGH September 1st is upon us the certainty of a late harvest and the pessimistic anticipations floating around are likely to postpone serious work, both reasons apart from the fact that partridges are never at their best till October. Meanwhile, by way of finding something to do, why not make a vigorous attack on wood-pigeons? There is no better flying bird, and now the young ones are fat with peas few are superior on the table. Everyone talks about the satisfaction to be gained from shooting them in real earnest, all have on offer cast-iron certainties for getting decent bags, but my humble experience is that you go home proud and satisfied if your total lies anywhere between four and eight. Hide how you will, use alluring decoys, study their feeding places and lines of flight to and fro—in a word pit your brains against theirs and learn humility. Whatever measure of success you gain is a definite service to agriculture. The instructions read easy, to become real master of the situation is a feat of sportsmanship worth much effort to achieve. Two really important appliances for the game may be named. The first a folding stool, such as scouts use, 14in. high and price 2s.; the second, a pair of pocket rose-pruning scissors. With the latter you clear a secluded alcove, on the former you sit behind a fringe of herbage held around you with a piece of string. A pigeon certifies the shelter good by coming into close range, the rest is a matter of simple shooting—not always as simple as your undoubted skill with the gun would lead you to anticipate.

MOTOR NOTES

Mr. J. Pauli in the car with which he won first prize in the £201-£300 Open-Car Class at the Ramsgate Concours d'Elégance. The car is a "Eustace Watkins" International Sports 2-4 seater Wolseley Hornet

WHAT DO THEY KNOW OF ENGLAND . . . ?

BY E. M. WRIGHT

THE average owner-driver in this country regards America as the motorist's paradise. An American, on the other hand, who has just concluded a three months' tour of England, Scotland, and Wales, writes in superlative eulogy of everything British. He views our scenery, our roads, our cars, and even our hotels through the rosiest of rose-coloured spectacles. Our England is a garden, and everything in that garden is lovely.

***

IT is common enough for the traveller to return home praising every country but his own. It is common enough, too, for the stay-at-home to magnify out of all proportion the petty faults and shortcomings with which he is daily brought into contact. Neither our cars nor our roads, nor anything which is ours is perfect, but compared with the daily outpourings of disgruntled Britishers—and I fear I must sometimes include myself among them—this panegyric from across the Atlantic is as salutary as it is refreshing.

***

IN a long and interesting letter to *The Autocar*, this American apologist for all things British begins with a handsome tribute to the efficiency of our motoring organisations. It took the American officials four hours, he says, to complete formalities before his car could be loaded on board at New York. At Southampton he was ready for the road in twenty minutes. Pat on the back number one—and praise which I have no doubt is well deserved. My grouse has never been that our motoring organisations fail to do enough for their members, but that they do far too much. It will shake our peppery retired colonels to the core to learn that the average British motorist is unfailingly courteous and considerate, that the standard of driving in England is far ahead of anything in America, that our traffic control is better, and that the thoroughness of our hand signals never left our American friend in doubt for a moment as to what to do.

***

BUT a confession that he found women drivers a little erratic, and delicately worded criticism of our cyclists and our pedestrians will come as balm in Gilead to those whose pet illusions have been shattered by so much whole-hearted praise. With so little left for them to condemn, those who spend their lives in deploring the decadence of these modern times will be grateful that some, at least, of their *bêtes noires* have escaped the bucketfuls of whitewash which have come from New London, Conn., U.S.A. I am no peppery retired colonel, but I, too, am grateful. Were I to be robbed of every cause of complaint I should wilt and die. A motoring Heaven would be purgatory to one who relishes his little daily dose of discontent.

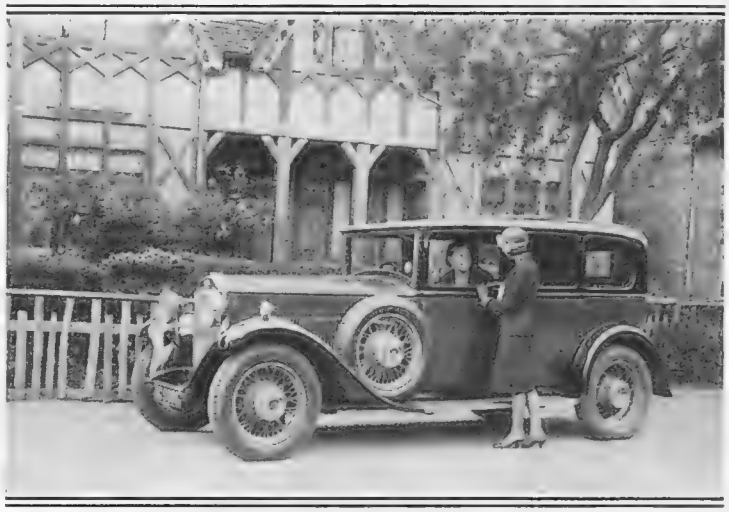
***

MOST surprising of all, at least to one who has written many thousands of words on the sins of surveyors, is this American's unstinted praise, not only of British roads, but of the ways of British road menders. The British system of road repairs, he writes, "answers an oft-repeated question of mine as to why roads could not be repaired on one side at a time without closing them to traffic. You maintain your roads like a railway right of way. Here we build a big, wide, expensive road, let it become hammered to an unrecognisable mass of pot-holes, and then dig it all up, throw traffic on a one-way, dusty, bumpy detour, and repeat the process in a few years' time. Your crews of six and eight men seem to do a surprising amount of work in a day without all the noisy, smelly 'efficiency' tools that we deem necessary."

***

FOR the benefit of "Colonial" readers, who are for ever querulously asking why our manufacturers do not "go American" and produce full-blooded Yankee models, I will quote this American's views on British cars. "The English cars on the road," he says, "fascinated me. I would gladly have brought back one or two English cars if it were not for our 'protective' tariff. I envy Englishmen their fine cars. . . and their individual taste is cars." A friend offered to lead the way from Bristol down to Portishead and Clevedon in an English baby car, and was forced to stop about ten times to allow this American visitor to catch up with him, although his own car was a typical transatlantic saloon with a large and powerful engine.

(Continued on page 466)



The new 16/50 h.p. Humber Saloon. It shows a distinct advance over its predecessor in the matter of detail refinement

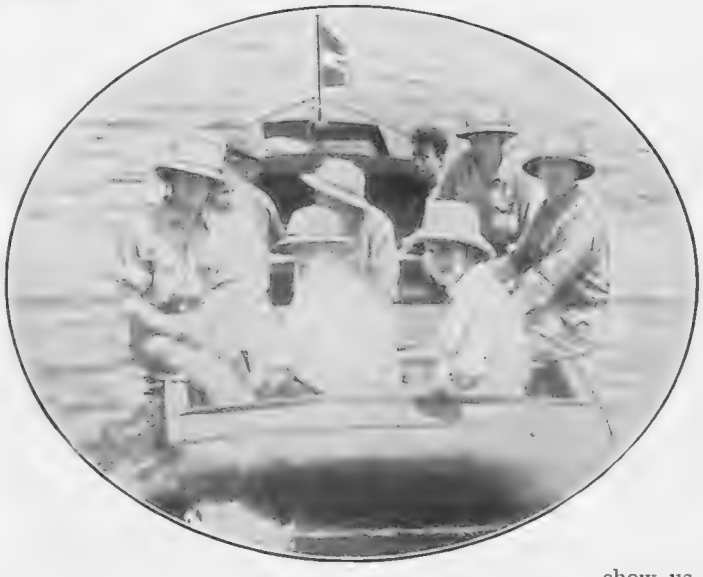
FLYING NOTES

AN INDIAN STATE AIR SERVICE?

By CAPT. C. E. WARD

IT is just possible that by the time these notes appear the Indian Government will have decided whether or not to complete that section of the air route to Australia and the Far East which crosses its territory. Unfortunately, the establishment of the necessary ground facilities has been made dependent partly on starting an air service directly operated by the State; and, however much one may question the wisdom of the latter on practical grounds, it is a political factor of the first order in India to-day, and must be considered in the same category as all the other vexed questions of Indian policy. By virtue of its situation, midway between England and Australia, India is an essential link in any air route between the two extremes of the Empire, and Imperial Airways cannot progress beyond Karachi until the policy of the Indian Government is made known afresh. It will be remembered that a State Air Service was to have been started on January 1 next year from Karachi to Calcutta, but these plans were rudely shattered two months ago by a decision to refer the whole matter to a Retrenchment Committee. Meanwhile, four Avro Tens, which were on order, are being completed, and Mr. Neville Vintcent, D.F.C., the chief pilot and manager for the Indian Government, is on leave.

The Short "Valetta" seaplane, which is the largest in the world, is fitted with three Bristol Jupiter engines. It is being used by Sir Alan Cobham on his official African flight



Sir Alan Cobham, seen on the right, and his crew leaving Mirabella. They are on their way to board their seaplane, en route for Central Africa

Foreign Competition

THE Dutch and the French are fully alive to the possibilities of the Southern route to the Far East, for both already run a regular fortnightly service across India, the former to Batavia, and the latter to Indo-China. The Dutch propose a weekly service from Amsterdam in the autumn, and their company has applied for a mail contract from India to Burmah and the Malay States. It will be difficult for the Indian Government to refuse a contract to a concern which is already operating the route, especially if the Calcutta business community press for it, and yet by so doing the chances of getting the British route through to Australia become more remote. The foreign lines are subsidised by their home Governments in each case, but neither has had to meet the expense of ground organisation *en route*, this being provided over the most difficult sections by the British and Indian Governments, against payment of quite nominal fees. In course of time all countries must equip their sections of international routes with aerodromes, wireless, meteorological and night-lighting facilities; but at present the receipts cover but a fraction of the interest on such expenditure. As a nation, we must continue to take a long view about money spent on civil aviation. The route to Australia is the most important of three routes to the whole of the Far East, the other two, via Russia and Siberia, or China, as followed recently by Miss Amy Johnson, and across the North Pole, being far from practical for regular operation all the year round. The Dutch and the French realise this point, and have set out to capture the cream of the trade by air, which is beginning to flow East and West, via India, across the Old World.

Via "Imperials" to India

As far as passengers are concerned, any comparison between foreign air lines to the East and that run by Imperial Airways to India is in our favour. The advantages which we enjoy will be still greater in the New Year when the whole route has been re-equipped with modern machines. At present the Mediterranean section only is fully up to date, where the "Kent" class flying boat has replaced the "Calcutta." Having travelled nearly 3,000 miles as a passenger in the latest type, I can recommend it first-hand, and I believe it is the finest passenger machine in the world. One can talk comfortably without effort; it is easier to sleep or write a letter than in the finest train; also, the cabin itself is as large as a section of a Pullman car, with the same sense of freedom and the facility to walk down the gangway to talk to someone else. The first British air liner to show us what can be achieved in the way of comfort has set a standard which all other must follow.

FROM Genoa to Alexandria takes, roughly, thirty-three hours, including a night's rest at Corfu, and the trip itself is a pure delight, with scenery of the finest, and halts at Naples, Athens, and Crete, for meals and a short cigar. Smoking, by the way, is to be allowed when a steward is travelling on board, a concession which, in these day when almost everybody seems to enjoy smoking, will certainly be welcomed with open cigarette cases. If Imperial Airways don't get a full load of passengers for every trip in future, it must be through lack of adequate publicity.

THE GOURMET — by Emilia

Luncheon

Hors d'Œuvres Variés.
(Œufs à l'Aurore.)

Merlans aux Fines Herbes.

Soufflé de Volaille.
Haricots Verts.

Meringues aux Bananes.

Café.

Œufs à l'Aurore

Cut four hard-boiled eggs in halves crossways, and remove the yolks with care. Mix the yolks with a teaspoonful of fresh butter, one of cream, a little made mustard, and a teaspoonful of finely chopped tarragon; when well mixed rub through a fine sieve. Fill the cavities of the whites of eggs with this mixture, put a star-shaped slice of pimento on top of each; garnish the dish with cress and serve.

Merlans aux Fines Herbes

Butter the bottom and sides of a casserole dish, place the whiting into it with a sufficient quantity (according to the number of fish) of chopped parsley, thyme and shallot. Moisten with a small quantity of white wine and place in the oven. When the fish are about half-cooked turn them, and when they are quite done thicken the sauce, adding salt and pepper to taste. Serve in the casserole dish, adding a squeeze of lemon-juice.

DINER

Coupe de Consommé Nationale
ou
Veloutine Marianne
Turbot Poché Danton
Pommes Jeu de Paume
Carré de Pouillac des Girondins
Champignons Phrygiens
Salade Disetsankatrvineuf
Timbale de Pois 14 Juillet
Les Bombes Révolution
avec
Les Mignardises de Guillotin

Le chef des Cuisine
Gilbert

The menu of an attractive dinner served at the Grand Hotel, Pourville. It has been signed by the Chef de Cuisine

Soufflé de Volaille

Cut the meat from a chicken, free it from skin and bone, mince it finely, then pound it well. Add 2 oz. of butter gradually, mixing it into the chicken. Separate the yolks and whites of two eggs, add the yolks one by one to the chicken mixture, pound well, season to taste, and rub through a hair sieve. Whip one gill of cream slightly and stir into the mixture. Beat the whites of the eggs until they are stiff and stir them in lightly. Put the mixture into a greased soufflé mould, cover with greased paper, and steam gently for three-quarters of an hour. Turn out and coat with white sauce. Decorate with chopped parsley and serve at once.

Meringues aux Bananes

Whisk stiffly three or four whites of eggs, then stir in carefully 3 oz. to 4 oz. of fine sifted sugar. Shape the mixture into meringues by the help of a tablespoon, dust the shapes with sugar, place on a baking-sheet lined with paper, and bake in a cool oven till the meringues are firm and crisp, and of a light fawn colour. Press in the bottom of each and place them on a tray to cool. Whip up one gill of cream. Peel two or three ripe bananas, rub them through a sieve, sweeten to taste, and add a few drops of vanilla essence, then mix with the whipped cream, and fill the meringue cases. Place each two together, and they are ready for serving.

MOTOR NOTES (*continued from page 464*)

IN THE NEWS

The New Humber Programme

Detail improvements, rather than radical changes in design are the keynotes of the new Humber programme, which has just lately been announced. The three models which have proved so successful during the past two seasons are to be continued, and the 1932 range will thus comprise the 16-50 h.p., the Snipe and the Pullman. Prices in the 16-50 and Pullman range remain unchanged, but those of the Snipe models have all been reduced by £20, the Snipe saloon now selling at £465. Chassis improvements include modifications to the steering, giving more positive action and better self-centring, better braking and better front suspension. In addition, the 16-50 h.p. model has been fitted with a new type of induction system and carburetter, giving better slow running and improved flexibility. Larger head lamps and a new and attractive type of wing, together with new colour schemes, enhance the external finish.

The bodywork of the Pullman models has been entirely redesigned. The radiator is deeper and the waistline higher than on previous types, and the rear has been swept out over the petrol tank, making the back view neater and considerably more attractive. Equipment is now more luxurious. Dual windscreen wipers have been standardised, and on fixed-roof models interior sun visors have been provided. Saloons can now be supplied with a winding partition behind the driver's seat. All models throughout the range are fitted with Triplex safety-glass. Three body styles—the limousine, landaulette and the cabriolet de ville—are available in the Pullman range at prices varying from £735 to £995. Prices of Snipe models range from £435 for the tourer to £515 for the Sesame saloon, with drop head and sliding roof, and those of the 16-50 h.p. from £395 for the tourer to £475 for the Sesame saloon. The Pullman, Snipe and 16-50 h.p. are all Sixes of more than ordinary distinction and all-round merit, and all three have a Humber four-speed gear box with silent third.

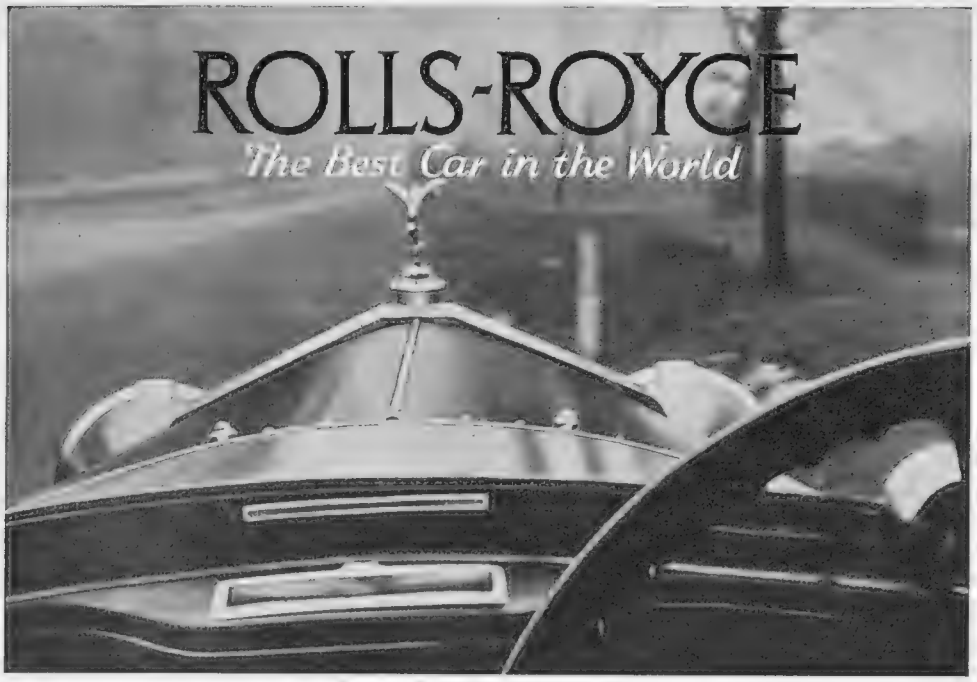
A Golden Crossley by the Blowing Stone at Kingstone Lisle Tradition says that King Alfred used this to summon his troops, the very deep note produced by blowing through a hole in the top being audible for many miles

Standard's Own

The publishers of many of our technical magazines might take a leaf from the book of those who produce house organs. These nowadays attain a very high standard of excellence. They are not mere rags to boost the products of the concern which sponsors them, but do provide a deal of interesting and informative reading. Some little while ago I reviewed the first issue of the *Standard Car Review*. *Just lately* I have received the August number, which contains full details of the company's new programme, and I must again commend them on a remarkably well-produced number. Although its circulation does not quite rival that of some of our more sensational weeklies, I learn that it is steadily rising and showed a big jump in August.

Latest O.S. Maps

A new series of one-inch Ordnance Survey maps is now in course of preparation. It differs in several ways from the "Popular" edition, which it will ultimately supersede. A modified form of hill-shading, which is complementary to the contour lines, has been introduced, and the whole map has been redesigned and recompiled. Each sheet will overlap on to its neighbours by 1,000 yards on the east and the south, thus enabling users to obtain a better idea of the relative positions of different places on the map. The price of each sheet, mounted on linen, is three shillings. This series should prove of the greatest convenience to motorists. E. M. W.



Rolls-Royce Limited
14-15, Conduit St., London, W.1

A famous motoring expert has remarked that the way to decide which is the pre-eminent motor car is to ask the three following questions: What is the name which is spoken by motorists with ungrudging admiration and a kind of awe? What are the words which compel one to think of mechanical excellence allied to beauty of line? What synonym is now recognised as representing perfection? He goes on to say that the answers must be "Rolls-Royce" . . .

DOGS

CHAINS AND CRUELTY

By Lady Kitty Ritson

THERE is a good deal of correspondence going on in the daily Press on the subject of chained dogs, and one charming individual observed that both dogs and children must be disciplined, and that therefore, in his opinion, it was salutary for dogs to be kept on the chain. He did not tell us whether he kept his children chained to the dining-room table! This particular person has evidently never learned the correct meaning of the word "discipline." A disciplined dog is one that can go everywhere with its master and be a friend and companion of which he can be proud, and also a credit to the canine world at large. A dog that is kept on a chain is one that is treated as a criminal lunatic, and allowed no will of its own. I am sure that in a few years' time it will be an offence against the law to own a chained dog, and that we shall look back to the time when such a thing was possible with horror, just as we do now to the days of bull-baiting.

LET no one delude himself into believing that a dog kept on a chain is, or can be, happy. It is not the nature of any free animal to be anything but miserable when cribbed, cabined and confined. It is bad enough when dogs have to be housed in comfortable kennels with good runs, but in that case they are able to move about and to go in and lie down, or run about—but when they are chained! There can be no reason, that I can see, to keep a dog on the chain. If it is so savage that it cannot be trusted loose, it is kinder and better for all concerned to put an end to it. A dog can be a perfectly efficient watch-dog without biting, and any ordinary dog will give ample warning when some undesirable stranger appears within the gates.

HAVE you ever looked closely at the eyes of a chained dog and seen the pain and the madness in them? Can you wonder at it? To feel for ever bound, to realise, dimly perhaps, but still to realise, that there is no escape. Yet pity for a chained dog is called "sentimentality." I should like to see those same people chained and handcuffed, and to deny them all sympathy.

But what I want to tell you is this, and this is where you can help. It is against the law to keep any dog continually chained. Every dog, by law, must be exercised at least once a day, so that if you have a dog in your neighbourhood which you know to be always on the chain, you can call in the R.S.P.C.A. and they will take the matter into their own hands.

Carnforth Beauty (left) the World's Champion Clumber Spaniel, and her son, Carnforth Beauty's Traveller, pay a visit to an equine friend. Being blue-blooded aristocrats, they are too polite to point out that the cockerel perched on the head of the hunter makes him appear decidedly feather-brained

I OFTEN think that those of us who profess to be dog-lovers do far too little when it comes to the matter of making ourselves unpopular with other people. It may not be pleasant to incur the wrath of a neighbour, but it is our bounden duty, just as much as it is to take steps when we see a dog that is lost. How often does one think, "There's no good in stopping; I don't expect he's really lost."

Money is not everything; it is a great deal, but time and self-sacrifice are more, and it does take a certain amount of self-sacrifice to stop somebody in the street and to tell them that he or she is dragging the Pekingese along without giving it time to attend to its comfort. But was ever a cause won without a few martyrs?

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Bermuda

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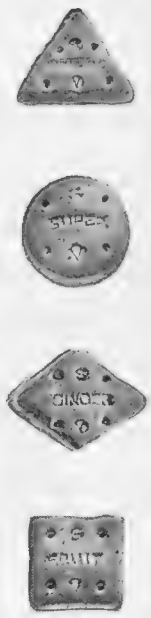
The after-dinner speaker!

● Can't speak by word of mouth but if he could he would have some very complimentary things to say about these jolly little biscuits with the four different shapes and flavours. ***Wheatmeal***—crisp and crunchy for the teeth. ***Super*** — the vitamin biscuit. ***Fruit***—containing genuine fruit for the digestion, and ***Ginger*** — the canine cocktail!



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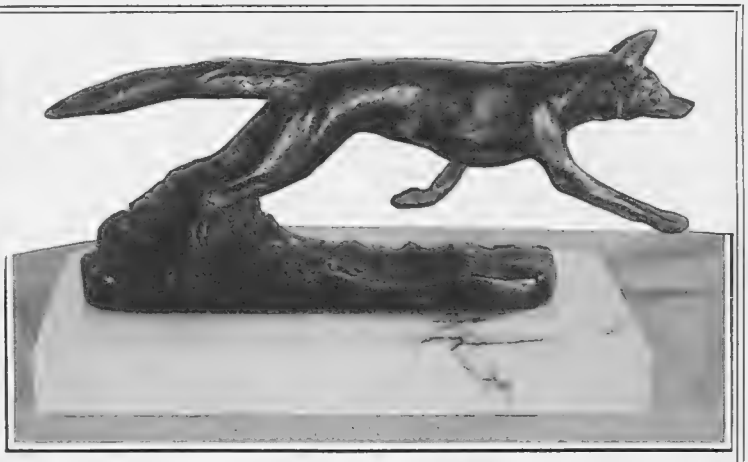

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GOLF GOSSIP

BY LIEUT.-COL. W. ELWY JONES

THE R. and A. is now considering the question of the amateur status, and I hear they are likely to make many drastic alterations and tighten up the rules regarding those qualified to play as such. I do hope that writing notes on the game will not make one a professional. Another point to which their attention is being directed is the simplifying of the Rules of Golf. I believe it is their intention to so simplify the working that an ordinary person, possessed of only the average intelligence, will be able to understand them. This will be a move in the right direction, and one that is sorely needed.

* * *

GOLF in Ireland at the moment is not all beer and skittles. I hear from a friend who is there on a golfing holiday that one is quite likely, on returning for one's car at the end of a round, to find that it has been commandeered by one of the local military organisations. I see that one of these bodies has been facing the local constabulary, armed with staves. If niblicks as hefty as mine are used by many golfers in Ireland, I would imagine that a raid on golf clubs would provide a supply of arms for some such force.

* * *

THE selectors of any team are not to be envied, it is impossible to please everybody; the L.G.U. is no exception, they have given very careful consideration to the selection of the team to oppose France on October 10 at Oxhey, and have announced that the six players and two reserves will be chosen from the following: Miss Elsie Corlett, Miss Diana Fishwick, Mrs. Percy Garon, Miss Molly Gourlay, Mrs. A. M. Holme, Miss Jean McCulloch, Miss D. Pim, Mrs. J. B. Watson, Miss J. Wethered, and Miss Enid Wilson. A very sound team indeed can be found amongst these.

* * *

THE International Fund for international matches needs a great deal of support, so the Portmarnock Club very generously gave the whole of the Ladies' Championship gate money to the fund, but they will not always be able to rely on such generosity.

* * *

I HOPE that this first match of the series will be a great success from every point of view, and that it and the one with America next year will draw a sufficiently large gate to permit of them being continued in the future.

* * *

MEETING George Duncan at the 19th we rather naturally discussed the question of drinks in America, and he gave me an excellent test which may prove of use to golfers visiting the States. George says the only way to test the purity of a cocktail is to use one's forefinger as a swizzle-stick; if after doing so the nail is still there, the drink is good!

* * *

AN unfortunate accident marred the Criccieth Summer Open Meeting. W. G. Evans and C. V. Gillespie qualified for the final of the Northrop Challenge Cup; while the latter was going down the hill to the car park he slipped and sprained his ankle very badly, and, as a result, the final has been postponed.

* * *

QUITE a number of Americans have lately asked my advice as to what courses they should play around London, and I have been very interested in their views. Naturally, they agree that Sunningdale is very hard to beat, but those who have been to the New Zealand course are full of enthusiasm for it. Just now it is in perfect condition. It is charmingly situated and beautifully kept.

* * *

ARCHIE COMPSTON, Henry Cotton, Sid. Easterbrook, W. H. Davies, Arthur Havers, Bert Hodson, H. C. Jolly, Abe Mitchell, Fred Robson, Charles Whitcombe, and Ernest Whitcombe, will be members of a team of professionals captained by Tom Renouf to play a team of amateurs in aid of the P.G.A. Benevolent Fund at Newcastle on September 30. With such a collection of "stars" the fund should benefit materially.

* * *

PERCY ALLISS has been shining once more, this time in the open invitation tournament at Baastad, Sweden. This is a sort of unofficial Swedish Open Championship. Alliss's score for the first two rounds was 143, which was five strokes better than the next best card. Henry Cotton, who was one of the twenty-two professionals entered, retired owing to inflammation of the left hand. His American trip seems to have completely upset him; I hear he has been far from fit since his return.

YOUTH AND AGE

The upper photograph shows four grave and reverend seigneurs in the shapes of Judge Holman Gregory (left), Lord Sankey, the Lord Chancellor, Mr. Justice Avory and Mr. J. Wilding, the Club Secretary, on the links at Llandrindod Wells. In the lower picture, Elizabeth and Jean, the little daughters of Capt. Angus Hambro, are setting off for a round on the Children's Course at North Berwick

Fashions Fancies

TRIUMPHANT PYJAMAS

No fashion has ever created so much discussion, and, it may be said, enthusiasm, as that for pyjamas. It must be admitted that it has been condemned, an incident that has merely added to its laurels. The model portrayed comes from Woollands, Knightsbridge, S.W., and is carried out in a new fabric known by the name of printed suedette

"ALICE IN WONDERLAND" FASHIONS

AMUSING CLOAKS AND TINY HATS—THE BANISHMENT OF THE CORSET

Liberty's have created these altogether charming fashions for the little people. Velveteen makes the frock on the left, and crêpe de Chine the dress in the centre, and it is of this material that the smock is made. They are also responsible for the woolly dog, doll and skittles

IT was not until the end of the eighteenth century that fashions for children were separated from those of the grown-ups; prior to that time they had been replicas. Everything was stiff and uncomfortable; games were unknown quantities; children had to think in terms of plums, prunes and prisms. Even in 1860—an era of fashion that is much in the limelight at the moment—their dresses and hats were amusing. Think of Tenniel's illustrations for "Alice in Wonderland." It will be recalled that the little folk in those days wore funny little capes and hats perched on the tops of their heads, their hair was drawn straight back from their foreheads, a net more often than not being requisitioned to prevent the tresses getting out of order. Even at that date a much modified crinoline was present.

Simpler Fashions

SLOWLY but surely fashions became simpler until towards the end of the nineteenth century they were all that could be desired. For general wear they were made of materials that could be easily washed, and all elaboration was eliminated. Velvet, velveteen, crêpe de Chine, organdi, and various kinds of muslin were used for party frocks. Liberty's, Regent Street, were among the pioneers in creating raiment for children that was simple, pretty and practical; the greatest thought was given to the laws of anatomy and hygiene.

Low Necks and Short Sleeves

LATER on, low necks and short sleeves were regarded with favour. Neither was the all-important foundation garment overlooked; the growing figure needs support as well as protection; tight lacing was abandoned once and for all where girls were concerned, no matter their ages.

For Girls of all Ages

As details are ever so much more interesting than generalities, Liberty's have contributed to this page the frocks pictured. This season they are making a feature of velveteen frocks; it is of this fabric that the frock on the left is made, with its pretty white collar. The dress worn by the figure in the centre is of blue crêpe de Chine with smocking at the waist, while the tiny tot's frock is of printed crêpe de Chine. In order to appreciate just what Liberty's mean in the world of children's fashions, a visit is essential. The requirements of the sovereigns of the nursery have been carefully considered, and there is an infinite variety of things suitable for gifts, including shoes, bibs, matinées, etc.

Toys for the Kiddies

THE toys for the little people are just as fascinating as they can be. There are absolutely life-like woolly animals, a dog finds pictorial expression on this page. Again, there is a unique collection of dolls, some are pretty, some are grotesque, while others accurately represent the various nations of the world. As children love skittles they are included in the collection; also innumerable games.

The Sleeping Brassière

THE old idea that Nature should be allowed to do what she likes during the hours of rest has passed away, and it is realised that a sleeping brassière should be worn. Madame Maude, the creator of the well-known Beautiform garments, whose address is 91A, Baker Street (entrance in Crawford Street), is warmly to be congratulated on the model she has designed. It is made of a perfectly ventilated porous fabric. It takes care of the busts, thereby preventing them spreading, and sees to it that the shoulder-blades shall not annex superfluous tissue; as a matter of fact it supports them, giving a delightful feeling of bien aise. It must not be imagined that this clever artist only takes thought for those of generous proportions, as she specialises in belts, etc., for the sportswoman and those who live an outdoor life. Should distance or other circumstances prevent a visit, her brochures will be sent on application.

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

A Severe Test

No sparking plugs have ever faced a more severe test than those used by Mr. J. A. Mollinson on his recent record-breaking flight from Australia to England. Long periods of flying, with very few and short intervals for overhaul, find out any flaws in all too quick a time, but the K.L.G. plugs which he used on his marvellous flight did not fail him—a tribute to their efficiency and reliability which speaks for itself. Miss Amy Johnson also used K.L.G. plugs when making her record flight to Japan, and at the conclusion of the flight cabled, "We did 'fit and forget.' Engine never missed once."

A Boon to Hikers

A series of 36 cards, each describing a different ramble in London's countryside, has been issued by the L.N.E.R. Each card bears a detailed two-colour map of the route on one side, with printed directions on the reverse; the rambles vary from eight to fifteen miles in length, and brief notes about places of historical interest are included in the directions. The cards are a convenient size for the pocket, and are on sale at L.N.E.R. stations and bookstalls in London and suburbs, price 1d. each or 1s. per packet of twelve.

New Third-class Sleeping Cars

The L.N.E.R. reports that ten new third-class sleeping cars have recently been completed, and are to be placed in their Scottish services forthwith. Previous vehicles have been of the convertible type, and could be used as ordinary corridor third-class carriages if required, but the ten new sleeping cars, which have recently been constructed at the company's York works, to the design of Mr. H. N. Gresley, the Chief Mechanical Engineer, are not convertible, and will be used on trains in which there is a constant demand for sleeping accommodation. These cars, which are 9ft. 3in. wide, are 66ft. 6in. long over body and, being 5ft. longer than the previous vehicles, provide berths for 32 passengers as compared with 28 in the earlier cars. The fixed berths are provided with "Vito" mattresses, upholstered in blue and fawn moquette. To facilitate access to the upper berths, a small fixed ladder with platform is provided near the window, the platform forming a small table. Each compartment is also provided with a large mirror on the sliding door, together with the usual complement of luggage racks, hat and coat hooks, etc., further luggage accommodation being provided by means of a shelf formed by roofing over the corridor. Special attention has been given to the lighting and ventilation. A three-light roof fitting is fitted in each berth, two lamps providing the general lighting, the third being a blue lamp which automatically acts as a night light when the others are switched off. In addition, a special enclosed reading lamp is provided at the head of each berth. The electric-lighting equipment is of the Stone's double-battery type. The vehicles are fitted with steam heating throughout, a special feature being that heaters are provided in the corridors as well as in the berths. Separate lavatory and toilet compartments are provided at each end of the vehicle. The wash-basin is of large size, and is supplied with hot and cold water. The exteriors of the vehicles are finished in natural varnished teak and lettered "Sleeping Car."

Mr. C. W. A. Scott, whose flight from Australia to England considerably lowered the existing record, handing over to a director of Messrs. Edward Young & Co., Ltd., in their London office all that remained of a bottle of Young's whisky presented to him before taking off from Charleville on his great flight. He said that he honestly found it most beneficial at certain periods of his flight

Opera in English

The six weeks' autumn season of opera in English which starts on Monday, September 14, at Covent Garden, will be presented at popular prices. Prices, including entertainment tax, range from £3 for Pit and Grand-Tier Boxes (side only) to 5s. 9d. for an Amphitheatre Stall. Other prices are: Balcony Tier Boxes, £1 14s.; Orchestra Stalls, 15s. and 12s.; Stalls, 12s. and 8s. 6d.; Dress Circle, 12s.; and Balcony Stalls, 8s. 6d.; whilst there is a lower special subscription rate for one or more nights per week throughout the season. The Gallery will be unreserved at 2s.

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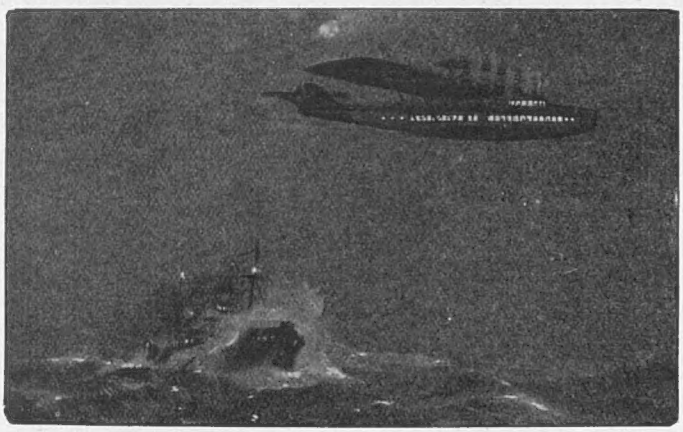

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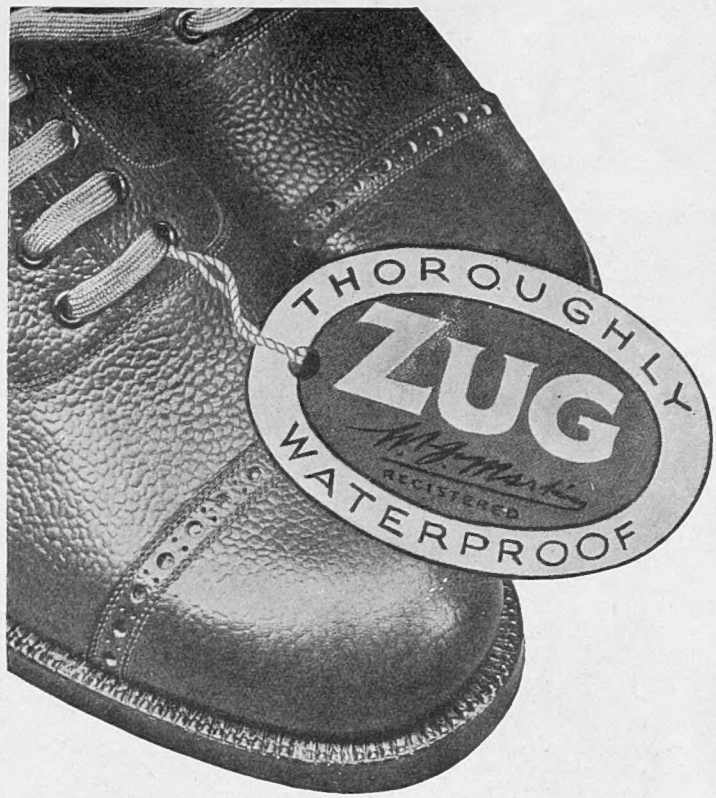

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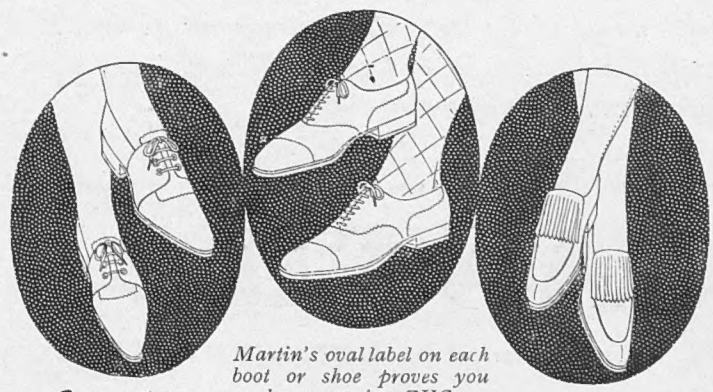

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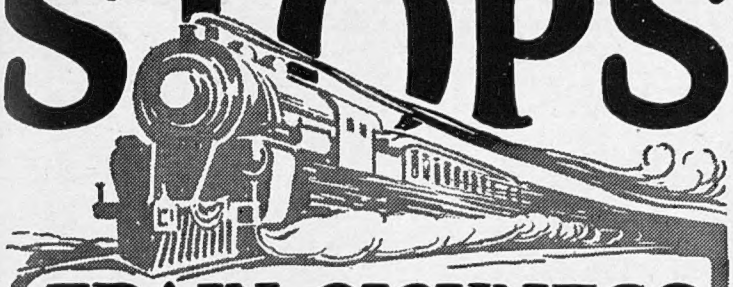

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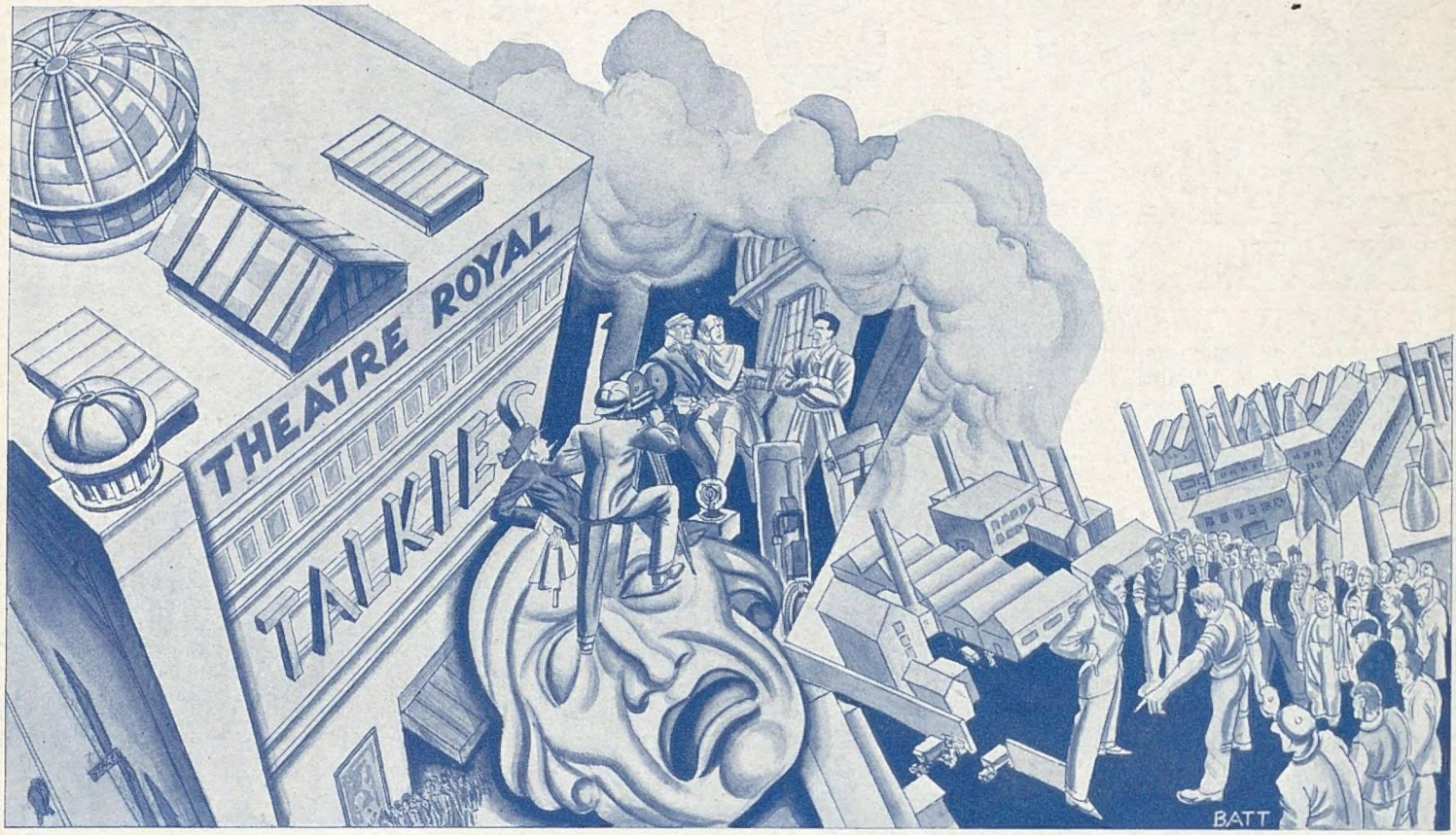

SOME OF THE CONTENTS OF THE AMAZING AUGUST ISSUE

"BLACK IVORY" by *C. Fox Smith*
"THE SPIDER AND BRUCE" by *Owen Archer*
"THE HAUT MONDE OF CROOKDOM" by *C. Patrick Thompson*
"A WOMAN OF PARTS" by *George Froxfield*
"STRATOPLANING WITH PICCARD" by *Ferdinand Tuohy*
"THE RACKETEERS" by *Dudley Sturrock*
"CRISIS AT CARTHAGE" by *Fletcher Allen*
"THE STORY OF CAGLIOSTRO, THE LAST OF THE GREAT SORCERERS" *described by Norman Hill, painted by F. Matania, R.I.*
"FROM A 'PLANE DARKLY . . ." by *Hannen Swaffer*
"STARS—OR METEORS?" by *Sydney Tremayne*
"PARISIANA—WITHOUT TEARS!" by *Charles Graves*
"CHEAP DAY" by *Pamela Frankau*
"THE SNAKE CHARMERS" by *Eleanor Elsner*
A USEFUL ENSEMBLE FOR THE COUNTRY WOMAN OR GOLFER
"PLAN THEIR HOLIDAYS, TOO!" by *Carol Avis*
"NEW WAYS WITH FRUIT" by *A. M. Norton*
SWEETS FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS
"ALTERNATIVES FOR AUGUST" by *A. H. Adair*

The "Stormy Petrel" of the Theatre looks down on the Life of the Drama and the Drama of Life . . .

Now surely a youth who lives right on the quayside at Marseilles would have a dozen opportunities of going to sea. Boats would be coming in all day and sailing every morning and every night. He would know scores of captains and owners of ships and, as there was nothing particular to hold him back—that is until he seduced a girl—he could have run away if he had liked, even when he was a boy.

But why Marseilles? I flew over Liverpool and Newcastle, the docks of Glasgow and Manchester, and went over the Humber and the Thames. I sailed over Gravesend, and crossed Southampton Docks four times, and saw, in all the great rivers of England, mighty ships and small ones and new docks and old ones, watched Man reclaiming land from the sea and saw the waves eating away cliffs.

Is there no one in England who could write a play about our own mercantile marine, its life at sea, or its life ashore? Must we wait until a French schoolmaster writes about Marseilles before London, the capital of the greatest seafaring country in history, can see a play dealing with the men who go down to the sea in ships?

. . . . . .

I flew over a thousand plots, nay, a million plots, nay, twenty million plots, while I was soaring in the air. I was high above a country that is going through the first stage of a social revolution, that is changing in every aspect of its daily and its national life.

. . . . . .

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